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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:
BARASSI
PUTS THE BOOT IN

VIETNAM VETS:
WAR ON THE HOME FRONT

WHY MONEY IS
MORE IMPORTANT
THAN LOVE IN
THE '80s

HOW TO WORK OUT
YOUR OWN SEX IQ

SPORTFISHING:
OUR GUIDE TO AN
ALL-STAR CAST

PERTH'S
SMOULDERING
CENTREFOLD

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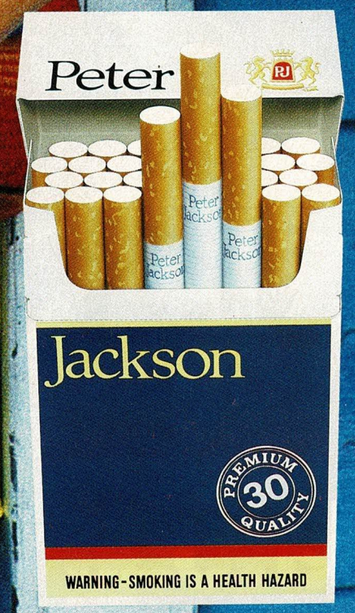

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PLAYBILL

THERE ARE some men whose celebrity is such that it overflows the conventional parameters of a career. Muhammad Ali is perhaps the best example. A boxer by trade, he captivated millions of people who would not normally care about boxers or boxing.

On a local level, Ron Barassi has achieved similar status. His name is legend in those states where Aussie rules is a passion and, even in Queensland and NSW where footy remains a minority sport, the Barassi name is widely known. Most of all he is heralded as a winner. It doesn't really matter that he scored his greatest triumphs in the '60s and '70s. He was imaginative enough to build on his success in football to become a forceful business figure, a media personality, skilled broadcaster and articulate motivator whose advice is sought by major corporations at $1000 a pep talk. Barassi the man has transcended Barassi the footy hero.

Australian PLAYBOY assigned former Barassi football protege **Rennie Ellis**, who avoided a great career in Aussie rules, to tackle the man himself. As usual Barassi delivered — boots 'n' all.

The Vietnam veteran is a spectre with which Australia has not yet come to terms. The results are often blood-spattered headlines about some crazed vet who has taken the noisy way out — and several innocent people with him. The Agent Orange Inquiry does nothing to address the biggest problem facing the vets, what the shrinks call post-traumatic stress reaction (PTSR). That's a fancy name for men whose hearts and minds were poisoned by the war. Because they couldn't fight the Vietnam war to a satisfactory conclusion, they have brought it home to finish it here. Odds are there's a Vietnam vet in your next suburb, next street, or next house. **Frank Robson's** story will make sure you want to know. **Alan Ewart's** illustration will make sure you won't forget.

As a wise young man recently pointed out: "Money is the long hair of the '80s." But it has brought its problems. Squabbles involving money are the biggest cause of break-ups between couples in Australia. In our endless quest to promote harmony between the sexes, we've suggested 30 money traps loving couples should avoid at, well almost, all costs.

Ever wondered just how sexy you are? It's the sort of information most of us could use at some time but modesty or good manners prevents us asking everyone we meet. Unless, of course, you're one of those people with a queue outside the bedroom door every night. For those who want to know, however, we've taken the pain out of asking. Just dip into our naughty but nice quiz to determine your sex IQ. **Alicia Larriera** styled the words and **Rico Mettbach** took the pictures.

If any woman deserved the title "The Merry Widow" it would be Terry Moore-Hughes. The former wife of deceased American billionaire Howard Hughes shows in an incredible pictorial that beauty can be a joy forever. **Pompeo Posar** and **Ken Marcus** took the pictures.

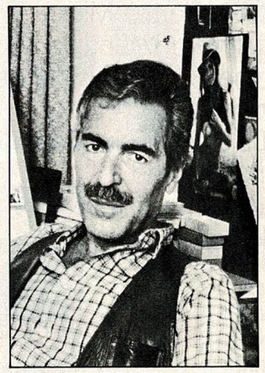
This is a top issue for fiction with two original pieces. A former correspondent for *The New York Times* with a distinguished career in newspapers, Kiwi **Ian Stewart** has settled in Sydney where he has observed certain suburban rituals with a wry humor. Ian's subtly sexy story The Jogger and **Damon Knight's** sci-fi quickie The Time Exchange are just the stuff for a rainy day. **Sherryl Phelps** and **John Mitchell** illustrated The Jogger and **David Loew** supplied the art for The Time Exchange.

Our September centrefold is Susan Dean, a former NSW country girl who has settled in Perth. With her jade eyes and tousled black curls, Susan makes a perfect fire-starter for a winter warm-up. Susan was photographed by Rico Mettbach.

With **Warren Steptoe's** guide to all-star casting in his sport-fishing article, Australian PLAYBOY's summer fashion forecasts, **Bettina Arndt's** sex advice, and our heart-starting pictorials, September's Australian PLAYBOY makes a great mate.

LARRIERA

STEWART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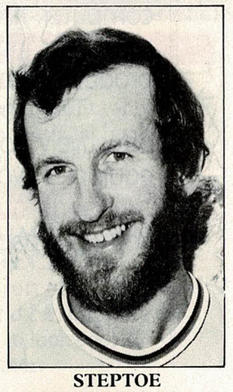
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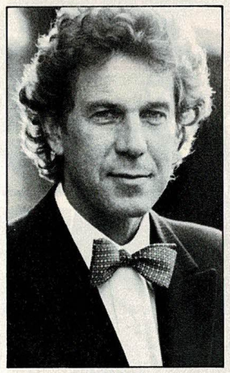
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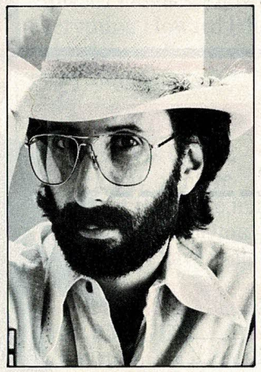
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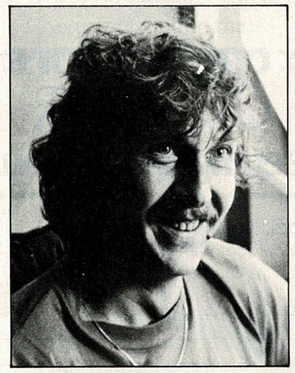
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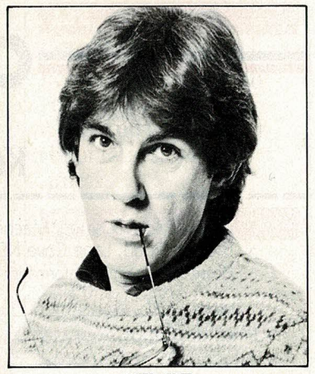
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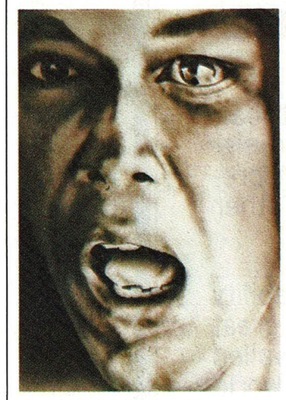

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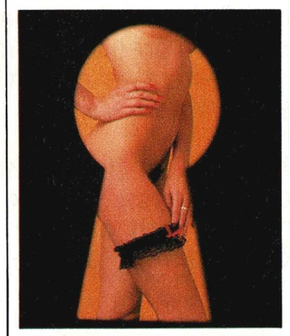

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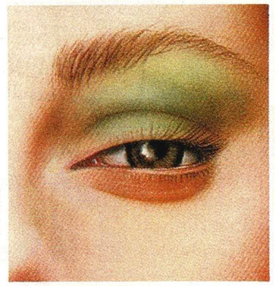

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

HIS AND HERS

You have a magnificent product. I buy your magazine every month for my husband and we take great pleasure in discussing both the articles and the photos.

We really enjoy your choice of Party Jokes. I do not understand the women of this world who deny their men such a pleasurable magazine. Your photographers take such tasteful pictures. Keep it up, team!

S. Looby,
Carnegie, Vic.

BEWARE THE BOULDERS

I am writing in reference to your article on The Boulders (April). I am a Queensland police officer now stationed in Brisbane. In 1979 and '80 I was stationed in Cairns and during that period I accompanied Peter Tibbs on dives for the bodies of Patrick McGann and Nickolas Wills. To say the least, diving in the Shute and Devil's Hole scared the shit out of me. I had had several years of diving experience under all conditions but never anything such as I experienced at Babinda.

Whether the deaths are caused by The Legend or by sheer misadventure, I am not sure. The one thing I do know is that after seeing what is under that white, swirling water, I sure as hell would not go near the place unless absolutely necessary. If everybody could see what I saw in the five weeks, five days and three hours I spent as police diver in the Shute with Peter in 1979 — the caverns, the huge logs thrown around like matches — they would understand why I feel this way.

I feel as strongly about the matter as Peter: the area should be blown to bits or, as would be more acceptable to conservationists, 10-foot high fences should be erected around the place. I strongly urge everyone who may visit The Boulders to be extremely cautious and not to treat the unknown number of deaths as a mere joke. Until people take a healthy interest in either keeping well clear of the place or, if they have to go, being careful, Peter Tibbs and other poor bastards will risk *their* lives every 12 months or so to recover what is left of bodies. I can assure you that is not a pretty sight.

G.S.,
Brisbane, Qld.

Congratulations on your article on The Boulders in the April issue. Not only did Frank Robson compile the facts logically but he also detailed the article in such a way as to give readers an impression of the surrounding area.

I live in Cairns and, being in the under-20 age group, visit The Boulders frequently. Up until now, the stories have come through to locals and tourists in countless forms and fashions. Realising the facts and circumstances in which the victims lost their lives makes The Legend just that much more believable.

Pity that there weren't any photos but otherwise a superb article.

Rudolf Mallien,
Cairns, Qld.

TRUMPED!

Maybe a profile should be presented on journalist Peter Olszewski? He certainly managed to lead Derryn Hinch into a tight spot in your April interview regarding the hypocrisy of Hinch's excuse for "breaking" the Adele Koh story. Does he honestly believe it's okay to infringe on something as personal as Don Dunstan's wife dying of cancer, yet wish *his* personal affairs left alone?

The interviewer also allowed the good side of the subject to come out but Derryn Hinch has been trumped.

Jon Thomasson,
Nathan, Qld.

GIRL IN A MILLION

I insist that you feature the delicious Miss July, Tricia Lange, in the Dear Playboy page! She's absolutely wonderful and was the highlight of that issue. I've been a buyer of Australian PLAYBOY since you first started and Tricia has my vote as the all-time winner. She's a girl in a million.

Simon O'Maher,
Curtin, ACT.

We think Tricia's pretty unique, too. We're delighted to bring her back for a return appearance — Ed.

IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT...

Diane Armstrong's article on bribery (May) promised much but delivered little. At a time when one can hardly pick up a newspaper without reading a headline about corruption, there was much that could have been done to tease back the layers of silence which shroud what really goes on in NSW.

Instead, after recounting a single incident concerning an anonymous businessman, the writer contents herself with a litany of unsupported accusations. We all know public figures can be bought. The last thing we need is a shopping list. The recent election was fought on the subject of corruption allegations *by* the Liberal-National Party coalition *against* the Labor government while many of us still remember so vividly the Askin era. Yet when *The National Times* attempted to lift the veil after Askin's death a couple of years ago, there was universal condemnation.

What about giving us some hard facts, Ms Armstrong? We'd be more interested in knowing how the politicians who helped introduce bribery and corruption into NSW managed to turn into sea-green incorruptibles in time for the 1984 election.

A.N. Paris,
Fairfield, NSW.

SERIOUS EFFECTS

As a relative newcomer to the finance industry I was most impressed with your article Anatomy Of A Hold-Up (March).

I had not previously appreciated the serious psychological effects victims of armed hold-ups endured. Congratulations for having the foresight to present such a thought-provoking article

R. D. Gregory,
SGIO Building Society,
Fortitude Valley, Qld.

TRIBUTE TO LENNON

Without hype and with sensitivity. Is there really any other way to present a Lennon story? My thanks to you for not only having the courage to run The Betrayal Of John Lennon (April) but also for not seizing the story and turning it into a trashy, Hollywood-type expose.

Shane Walsh,
Mt Gambier, SA.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

VIC'S VAPORS

Queensland's famed shark catcher, Vic Hislop, was visiting the Top End recently, camping out and generally being macho. Instead of worrying about sea monsters, Vic was more concerned about Queensland's infamous taipan snake. Sharks may not intimidate Vic but taipans most certainly do.

On his return Vic confided to Australian PLAYBOY's Brisbane correspondent, Frank Robson: "Taipans are the only snakes in the world to actively seek out and attack human beings. When they do attack they can hit speeds of 40 km/h and strike six times before you know you've been bitten. That's even faster than a Glebe feminist!"

HAND JIVE

There's a bold new sex spot in Perth's modest red-light district of Northbridge. It's called Garfield's Cafe and it is a peep-show, a popular form of entertainment in the United States and Europe.

The general idea seems to be that a naked woman writhes on a circular platform surrounded by little windows screened by electrically controlled curtains. Punters feed a dollar into a machine, the curtain zips back for a minute and reveals the lady in full thrash. If you want more than a minute you have to keep feeding in dollars.

Obviously it's the sex fiend's version of the pokie machine — but there is clear potential for abuse. Which may be why the management has displayed a sign declaring: MASTURBATING PROHIBITED. And who says West Australians aren't sophisticated?

TOP BANANA

Be warned! If you're thinking of rushing off to Zimbabwe for a holiday, button your lip when you get there. The president of the African country famous for its wildlife, waterfalls and the kidnapping of foreign tourists, is called Canaan Banana. And Mr Banana has absolutely no sense of humor whatsoever when it comes to his name.

A law has been passed to discourage people from having a pull of the big banana. Offenders risk five years in jail and a $1000 fine. Perhaps Mr Banana has relatives in Queensland?

A STEP UP

Now it can be told. After years of demands for the same pay, the same jobs and the same prospects as men, there's one last thing women want to make them completely equal.

They want to stand up when they go to the toilet for a pee.

To help them achieve this, er, aim, a 35-year-old American housewife, Catherine Jones, has invented something called the Stand-NP. Say it quickly. It's a plastic cup and hose device that will finally enable women to take their place alongside men at the lavatory of life. To help your woman stand up on the job just send US $5.99 plus postage to Stand-NP, Drawer D, Pittsburgh, PA 15273, USA.

Do warn her to be careful where she shakes the drops.

VIDEO VERDICT

An American university involved in research on the impact of video games on society has sought ways to make Pac-Man a bit harder to play. It seems the players found it insultingly easy. They were eight rhesus monkeys.

COSTUME DRAMA

A contestant who travelled to Hamilton, Ontario, a major Canadian city, to take part in the Miss Nude World pageant was unable to compete when a thief broke into her motel room and stole her costumes.

Honest, we don't make these up. But if you think that's sick, try this one. Medical students at a Scottish university apparently unnerved opponents during a rugby match by kicking human skulls on to the pitch during warm-up exercises. University officials are reportedly investigating because the incident might harm the university's organ donor program.

PUNK TAKE-AWAY

There must be some tough customers in New York. A new shop called the Sprinkle Salon has opened up in the Big Apple with an exotic line in punk gear — even by punk standards. The proprietors sell used underwear. Apparently the most popular line is used women's panties. Customers can take them home or eat them on the premises.

CHILD'S PLAY

Youngsters at one Sydney primary school were assigned a project intended to teach them all about responsible infant care. They had to look after a hard-boiled egg for one week.

WASHED UP

It was a typical morning in Berkeley, California. Carolyn Matsumoto said goodbye to her mother, locked up the house and, according to police reports, climbed into the dishwasher. Once inside she shut the door thereby starting the automatic cycle which proved to be fatal. Police investigators say it's one of the cleanest suicides they've ever come across.

AN ILL WIND

Another of those stories you know has to come from America, especially New York. Last year some bloke having a bad day decided to jump in front of a subway train. The train went over him but for some inexplicable reason didn't kill him. And that turned out to be a pity for the operators of the train, the City Of New York. The whacker sued the city for injuries caused to him when the train failed to stop. He won, too. Walked away with $600,000.

NO BIG THING

Windies cricketing superstar Viv Richards even has fans in Egypt where his exploits are reported to breathless followers in a newspaper called *The Gazette*. Imagine their concern when it was reported recently that Viv missed three important matches "because of a thing strain".

There are thousands of fans in Australia who are no doubt anxious that Viv's thing should be fit and ready for action for the coming Windies tour of Australia.

I spent a week holidaying in New Orleans earlier this year which, aside from being a razzle-dazzle experience, presented an opportunity for me to reassess the importance of breakfast.

Way down yonder in this sassy southern town, the first meal of the day is no tea and toast affair. If the French settlers in Louisiana didn't actually invent brunch, then they certainly refined it to a deliciously languid art. Oyster soup, eggs benedict and hash browns, "po-boys" (crusty French bread sandwiches) stuffed with spicy shrimps, bananas doused in rum, chicory coffee and bloody marys. And all of these are served over at least a three-hour period.

Now I'm not suggesting we try to emulate this pattern. There are few of us, I suspect, who spend our mornings leisurely sipping mint juleps amid the magnolia blossoms. What I do recommend is that you treat weekend breakfast as a special, unhurried meal and as a forum to show off your culinary prowess.

"Our what?" did I hear you mutter? All right. Let's keep things simple. We'll attempt here a basic breakfast-cum-brunch designed to score top marks for even the clumsiest of cooks.

Let's set the scene. It's the morning after: all that port and passion of the previous night has left you both feeling a mite fragile. But now you're going to stun the knickers off her, so to speak, by preparing a scrumptious morning meal for two.

All this does require a bit of planning. You can *pretend* it's an impromptu gesture, but unless you're stocked up on the right ingredients, a glass of Milo and a bowl of All Bran will do little to spark her admiration or desire.

You will need a bottle of medium-quality champagne and half-a-dozen good-quality oranges to squeeze and mix with the bubbly for some heart-starting mimosas. The vitamin C content will help the liver detoxify the blood and will considerably alleviate the raging thirst and embarrassing trembling one often experiences on Saturday and Sunday mornings.

If necessary, throw back a few glasses of straight orange juice before starting on the mimosas.

Leave your lady languishing under the covers while you rustle up the edibles in the kitchen. You have a choice here depending on the season and whether or not you've ever done battle with a frying pan before. In summer, you can get away with a continental-style breakfast provided you take some care with the presentation and trimmings. In colder weather, I suggest scrambled eggs served with suitable panache.

The former could consist of fresh croissants (frozen will do at a pinch if you're miles from the nearest patisserie, but don't defrost before heating as they become limp and soggy), slabs of dark chocolate and lots of freshly brewed coffee. I think some fruit is essential, whatever the season. Slices of fresh mango, strawberries lightly dusted with castor sugar or chunks of orange with slurps of rum are all suitable. Don't serve any of these straight from the fridge as the taste can be anaesthetised by too much chilling. If the mango or strawberries require extra moisture, drizzle on some Grand Marnier or triple sec. A drizzle means a couple of capfuls of the liquid evenly distributed over the fruit; too heavy a dose will kill the flavor altogether.

Serve the fruit first, followed by warm croissants (do not overheat in the oven as they will become dry and the butter will turn to oil upon contact), a choice of two jams (a good marmalade and a berry variety) presented in individual dishes, slabs of room-temperature butter (never margarine) and then the coffee and chocolate. The jug of champagne and orange should be on hand throughout.

For the cold-weather alternative, I suggest scrambled eggs because they are quick to prepare and can be elevated to gourmet status with a few little tricks. That well-known eggophile, Peter Russell-Clarke, suggests the addition of orange juice to spruce up scrambled eggs.

He also tells the amusing tale of one of the listeners to his radio segments who decided to use Fanta instead of orange juice and then rang him up to complain that the mixture was too sweet.

How to cook up a storm on the morning after.

I like the orange juice idea, too. Also fried onions, cooked separately and then stirred in just before serving the dish, to add extra flavor. Chopped chives or chopped bacon sprinkled on top provide a dollop of color and help the overall presentation. A few points to remember before we get down to the recipe: make sure you use a heavy-based frying pan, stir the mixture the whole time or it will be tough and congealed and don't cook the eggs either too quickly or over too high a heat.

Allow two eggs each and whisk lightly in a small bowl. You'll find the eggs will blend more successfully if they are at room temperature rather than straight from the fridge. Add a little ground pepper, if you wish.

Now, add some freshly squeezed orange juice instead of the standard milk usually added to scrambled eggs. I'm not going to specify a set amount of juice — a good slurp will do or, say, the juice of a decent-sized orange.

Melt a dollop of butter in the pan, don't allow it to heat to sizzling point, pour in the egg and juice mixture, use a fork to gently mix until the eggs are fairly thick and evenly distributed around the pan. Some gourmets suggest half a handful of chopped parsley and an eggcupful of sour cream can be popped in at this point. The parsley is fine; the sour cream variation is purely a matter of taste. I think it gives the dish a definite lift but the overall taste won't suffer if you leave it out (you may find though, that the eggs will be on the dry side).

Stir in these new ingredients, add salt to taste, top with the chives or bacon and place on pre-heated plates with fingers of warm buttered toast on the side. Serve after your fruit dish in place of the croissants and jam.

It's all simple stuff. Even if you muck up the scrambled eggs, they will still look presentable on a piece of nice china with the accompanying toast.

The way you set the table for two on the terrace or the tray for the bedroom is almost as important as the quality of the food. It's your overall attention that will impress her most.

A single rose on the tray, your best china and napery (even if you have to borrow these from your next-door neighbor or your mum), good champers glasses and the freshest of ingredients will all combine to please her no end.

You never know, you may find she's so astonished and flattered by the whole spectacle that she'll make the bed, do the dishes and put out the garbage without even being told.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

Politics and rock have been uneasy partners ever since **The Sex Pistols** sang *God Save The Queen.* Social comment through song has usually been left to the folkies — people like Newcastle PR man **Bob Hudson, Eric Bogle, Margret Roadknight, Jeannie Lewis** and **Judy Stone.** But folkies rarely pull a mass market.

Redgum is the exception. The band has moved beyond Australia's folk fraternity and won a huge cross-over audience with its Vietnam anthem, *I Was Only 19*, and the more recent *I've Been To Bali.* Redgum draws bigger crowds now, which has required logistical changes but, because all of *Nineteen's* royalties went to the Vietnam Veterans' Association, it was the vets who reaped the real financial benefits from the band's chart success.

Redgum now has a lot of causes wanting to associate themselves with the band but the band members don't want to align themselves exclusively with one movement.

"We're more useful as free political agents," says **John Schumann,** Redgum's frontman, singer and songwriter. "Anybody is fair game to us and we're in the business of keeping the bastards honest.

"A lot of men went to Vietnam believing they were doing the right thing — they may have been misguided — but now the vets are finding themselves screwed left, right and centre."

Despite *Nineteen's* success, Schumann still considers Redgum carries a folk flame. "We sing about real people and real issues," he says, "and folk music is of the people, by the people, for the people. We're taking all those concerns and bringing them into a marriage with music we're comfortable playing.

"I love **Midnight Oil,**" Schumann continues, "but I could never play in that kind of band. All our songs can be reduced to one guitar and vocals, which is how they were written."

Musically there's a lot of flexibility within Redgum, their latest round of concerts offering synthesized and keyboard sounds as well as the didgeridoo. For *I've Been To Bali* the band chose a bouncy melody on top of a reggae beat and the song kept its wit. Their most recent album, *Frontline*, also contains their maturing range of styles.

The big question with a band like Redgum is: what next?

Their best songs are written at home when they're leading normal lives, not in hotel rooms, Schumann advises, and although they're passionate about the matter of nuclear arms build-up, there's no way they'll fill an album with that, nor would they want to.

Having values outside of the industry's norm, it's hard to predict Redgum's future. The band have survived for eight years and made money for their label, CBS, even before *Nineteen.* They're a full-time professional unit that CBS respects enough to support. And audiences right round the country do the same.

Redgum for real people; Joe Jackson for romantics.

"We set ourselves up to make a sensible contribution to Australian music and culture," Schumann concludes, "and there's a level of concern that means we'll continue to approach any subject — like Hawke for instance — with wit."

One thing Redgum is sure of, there is never any shortage of subjects in Australia.

●

Two ladies who probably won't score big in the airplay stakes, but definitely worth a listen because of their diverse yet unique styles, are **Laurie Anderson** and **Tracey Ullman.**

Ms Anderson is best known in Australia for her *O Superman* single in 1982, but her latest album, *Mister Heartbreak*, has little single potential. It does, however, continue her high-tech art attack with an overall eerie dimension. Notable colleagues include ex-**Genesis** singer **Peter Gabriel** and arguably the world's most exciting guitarist, **Adrian Belew**.

Tracey Ullman's first album, *You Broke My Heart In 17 Places*, is a popster's impression of the sounds of the '60s. It shows more initiative, excitement and better sound quality than many of the era's originals. The cover, too, re-creates the times but it is all we have seen of this new British girl.

In her home country, she had a great year in 1983 with two successful TV shows, hit singles and the album. Tracey was also chosen best light entertainment performer by the British Academy Of Film And TV Arts for her series, *Three Of A Kind,* while the album has also done well in America. With a role in **Paul McCartney's** new film and more television work on the way, the world certainly will see lots more of Tracey Ullman.

●

Albums worth a listen: Joe Jackson's *Body And Soul* album is full of great ballads and jazzy rhythms. Great production and lyrics make it one of his best to date. One for the romantics.

Bruce Springsteen is back with the **E-Street Band** for his latest album, *Born In The USA,* and he's touring the States with them as well. Rumor is he wants to play in Japan and there's plenty of effort here to convince him to include Australia on the itinerary.

U2 will be produced by **Brian Eno**, so we can expect some fireworks from their latest album.

And legendary guitar hero **Eric Clapton's** latest album is to be produced by **Phil Collins** who will also add his drumming to the final recording, while bass work comes from **Donald "Duck" Dunn** (**Booker T, Blues Brothers**) and keyboards by **Chris Stainton** (**Mad Dogs And Englishmen**).

●

Former Kiwis and '70s pop charters **Dragon** have shot to prominence since last year's comeback, which was put together mainly to recoup past losses.

Three singles and their latest album, *Body And The Beat,* launched with great amounts of gusto from the band's label, Polygram, and equal support from the music industry, have shot them to the top here, and it seems the band is set to be the next episode in Australian pop imperialism.

American Polygram executives chose Dragon as one of only two "development acts" they take on each year, and engaged producer **John Luango** to spend $12,000 to remix a 12" version of *Rain* for the American audience, as well as shooting a new video clip.

The American label has expressed total commitment to Dragon after sampling the single *Rain* on a New York campus radio station. Reaction to the record caused it to be debuted at number one on the sample charts, clearing its way to be released statewide.

— TONY LOVE

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MONEY

Not everyone in Australia has become a financial adviser, but lately it sure seems that way. Only a few years ago, those lucky few who actually had money to invest faced a long search to even find a financial adviser. Today, the problem is to avoid being trampled by the ever-increasing crowd of advisers looking for clients. Newspapers are filled with their ads ("see us for independent advice"), talk-back radio listeners love them ("our next caller wants to know whether it really is possible to make a million dollars in one year raising jojoba plants"), and their deadly serious articles are routine fare in the glossy new "money" magazines. ("In this month's issue of *Scrooge*, a respected financial adviser explains the ancient art of predicting gold prices by studying the entrails of a chicken.")

Financial advisers (also known as financial planners, investment advisers, investment counsellors and, less and less nowadays, insurance salesmen) can be a very persistent lot. I once wrote a fairly critical column on advisers, and their economic predictions, for this magazine. As soon as the issue hit the newsagents, I started receiving letters and calls from advisers. Not one called to complain. Instead, they tried to sell me their newsletters, books and advice. One adviser in Adelaide sent me a dozen of his newsletters and tried to interest me in trading cocoa futures internationally. Just imagine all the up-to-date information on cocoa they are likely to have in Adelaide.

Now, it's probably occurred to those of you who are familiar with Australian magazine and radio payment rates, that no financial planner could ever support himself solely by writing articles or talking back to insomniacs who phone radio stations in the middle of the night. So what are they really up to?

Most planners claim to be in the business of providing investment strategies tailored to an individual's specific needs. After examining your personal financial situation (your income, savings, rent, family obligations, insurance, investments, superannuation and so on), they will formulate an investment plan made just for you. They will tell you what sort of insurance you need on your life, health and possessions, how much money you should put away for your old age and where you should put it. Sometimes you get all this information in a typed report specially prepared just for you by the adviser's word processor. Some advisers prefer to give you their recommendations verbally. In either case, the bottom line is a set of specific suggestions about what you should do with your money.

For example, you may be advised to invest in equity (share market) trusts or property trusts, to buy an insurance policy, to take out personal superannuation or some combination of all of these. They may even suggest you have a new will drawn up. There is nothing wrong with any of these investments nor is it a bad idea to have an up-to-date will. But before you make an appointment to see your local financial adviser, there is something you should know about how they earn their money.

Do-it-yourself financial advice is free and easy.

Like any salesman, they receive commissions from the various trusts and insurance companies they recommend. That's right. The financial adviser who convinces you to invest in a property trust will receive a commission from the trust based on the amount you invest. And these commissions are substantial. If you invest $20,000 in a property trust on the advice of an investment counsellor, his commission will exceed $1000. Likewise, if he sells you insurance, he will get a cut of the premium.

Of course, you can go to an adviser, listen to his suggestions and not buy anything at all. You will only be out whatever fee he charges (these can vary from next to nothing to more than $1000). However, the pressure to act on advice is very strong. For example, fees may be waived entirely for those who choose to invest with the adviser's firm. There is also the psychological pressure that comes from within the customer. After all, why go to an adviser in the first place if you are not going to follow his advice?

In telling you all this, I don't mean to imply that investment advisers are dishonest. The majority are diligent people sincerely trying to help others cope with today's complicated financial system. Moreover, since most advisers handle many different investments, they can choose one suitable for a particular client and still get their commission. It's only in situations where two equally likely possibilities exist that some difficulties may arise. Consider property trusts, for example. Those listed on the share market pay no commissions to financial consultants (although stock-brokers receive one on every sale). Unlisted trusts, on the other hand, pay generous commissions. In such circumstances, which type of property trust do you believe investment advisers will recommend?

If you have a fair amount to invest, little knowledge of the alternatives and have confidence in an adviser, by all means go ahead and seek professional advice. Look around first, though. Just because someone calls himself an investment adviser doesn't mean he is a seasoned professional. You would do best to place your trust in someone with at least a few years of experience in accounting, law or securities analysis. As in any field, the recommendations of satisfied clients should also be considered.

Many readers may wish to have a go at advising themselves. There is no secret store of information available only to advisers; you don't really need a computer either. Any high school student armed with a $10 calculator can perform all the mathematical calculations necessary. In fact, you'd be surprised how easy it is to learn about the various alternatives. Send away for the prospectuses published by equity and property trusts and take your time reading them. Consult a good book on personal finance. Decide whether you want to invest for long-term capital growth or immediate income. (For most readers of this magazine, capital growth rather than immediate income will be more desirable.) Determine also how much risk you wish to take. Risky investments grow faster than conservative ones, but they also hold a greater chance of losing money.

When you have settled these questions in your own mind, send for a high school kid with a calculator and figure out how much you can afford to invest now and how much you can put away each month. Using this approach, I think most readers will find themselves quite capable of planning their own investments. When it comes right down to it, no one else is going to care about your money as much as you, and you may be sure that no one else will advise you free of charge.

— SETH GREGORY

PHOTOGRAPHED IN KRUGER NATIONAL PARK

"Isn't it time we made a move."

"What a Sterling idea."

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The on-board computer module.

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MEN

Know your birds and you too can wing it with the urban wildlife.

You see them out there in all seasons: men with binoculars and walking-sticks and bird books, looking confused, able to chart only a few of the birds that fly through the air and nest in the trees. Why this inability and uncertainty? Because, until now, the Harry Butlers of this world simply have not told the whole story. There are birds out there that have never been classified according to type, color, habits and habitat.

Where *In The Wild* will you find the deep-throated hummingbird, the slinky sea-skimmer or the liberated nest-chucker? Did your science teacher ever show you sketches of the high-tech hawk? Where in the natural history museum will you find a model of the thin-bellied iron-pumper or, most luridly colored of all, the downy cock-teaser? There has been a gigantic cover-up, you see. But that ends today. The following list is not complete, but it's a start. Take it with you on your next bird-watching tour. It may help. And don't forget that birds are the only other two-legged creatures on earth.

The downy cock-teaser: Most prevalent in the south but found in all states of the nation; its call is a constant high-noted chirp ("No-no-no-no"); found at expensive watering holes, the downy cock-teaser responds warmly to attention for a few minutes, then suddenly turns cold and hostile; it bathes only in private and is rarely seen to mate, a fact that confounds ornithologists; costly to feed, it will at first titter on command, but if you try to pet it, it will shrink silently into a corner; likes to rub *briefly* against male trouser legs.

The deep-throated hummingbird: The only bird that can feed and sing at the same time, tremendously fast-tongued and fast-winged, it is fond of flowers with large stamens and has been known to fly long distances to get to one; surprisingly small considering its capacities, the deep-throated hummingbird is considered a treasure by most men; found usually in the west and in the movies.

The corporate warbler: Inhabits cities, usually skyscrapers; a relatively new bird on the scene, the corporate warbler hides its bright feathers by piling them into a bun at the crown of the head; colored and marked like the penguin, the corporate warbler appears formal at all times; its call — "Bottom line? Bottom line?" — is delivered in a firm, low voice that is pleasing in a conference room; probably the best fed of all the birds listed here, it nonetheless stays slim by flying around and around the same building every morning and evening; the only bird with feet like Nike runners.

The slinky sea-skimmer: Found only near tropical beaches or swimming pools, this large-breasted bird, evenly tan in color and glistening with oil, is not rated very highly for its intelligence but that is probably an unfair judgement by the experts; the slinky sea-skimmer, for example, can find a rum drink in the dark, and it is the most naturally rhythmic of all the birds, always hopping and bopping to its own internal sound system; the only bird that can surf, by the way.

The hard-beaked ball-buster: From the same family as the liberated nest-chucker, the hard-beaked ball-buster is one of the more difficult birds to spot, since it can take on the form and coloration of many other birds as a disguise; it has even been known to pose as the soft-soaping pleader but nothing can remain hidden forever, and it is the flight pattern of the hard-beaked ball-buster that gives it away — hawks circle, pigeons swoop, robins hop, but the hard-beaked ball-buster flies crotch-high in concentric circles until it finds its target, whoever he may be; usually found near divorce courts. No way this one can be kept in captivity. Has been known to chew its way through the bars of a cage in seconds flat.

The scrumptious chickadee: Known in bird-watching circles as a "10 out of 10", the scrumptious chickadee is clear-eyed, smooth-featured, efficient and wary. It possesses a sweet whistle, pleasing movements, high intelligence, mobility and style. A bird that ages beautifully, it is sometimes compared to the mythical phoenix. The scrumptious chickadee leads a somewhat hazardous life, for many a hunter is after it, and even in migration it can be a target, albeit illegally. This bird often has a difficult time finding a mate, but that doesn't stop it from trying.

The thin-bellied iron-pumper: This is one hell of a bird, only recently discovered; fun to watch, dangerous to criticise, you can bet that pound for pound the thin-bellied iron-pumper is the strongest and toughest bird on the block, bar none; you've heard of a covey of quail and a pride of lions and a herd of elephants, but have you heard of an exhibition of iron-pumpers? They are something to behold as they fly in formation, each of them hauling bar-bells in mid-air, flexing their wings and clenching their claws and often shrieking in delight. Some experts argue that the thin-bellied iron-pumper is a genetic mutant, a mistaken cross between the radical wren and the schwarzenegger eagle, but who cares? It's here to stay.

The radar-eyed gold-digger: Some people insist that this bird is extinct, but it's not; with plumage as bright as neon and with an innate shrewdness that proves Darwin was right, the radar-eyed gold-digger will perch on a man's shoulder only in certain seasons of his life — and rarely when he really needs it; a highly developed sense of sight enables this bird to see money wherever it is hidden, be it in wallets or bank vaults, and for years it has led the list of The World's 10 Richest Birds; its mating call is something of a hoot — "Whatareyouworth? Whatareyouworth?" — that deteriorates into a harsh cackle if you answer falsely; the one thing to remember in dealing with this particular bird is that the Tax Department does not permit any legal deductions for its upkeep, nor is depreciation allowed (although the bird itself will tell you quite a different story); found mostly in Surfers Paradise, Noosa, South of France, Acapulco, Hollywood, Bermuda, Rio and some places we don't even know about.

— ASA BABER

WOMEN

Some sticky questions are better left unasked.

I've always firmly believed that you should never ask a delicate question until you already know the answer. That way there are no nasty surprises to spoil a beautiful relationship. I've had lapses. Been guilty of purring into a man's ear with such idiocies as: "Don't you think I look like Linda Ronstadt?" and "Have you ever felt this way about a woman before?" The respective replies of "no" and "yes" definitely were in the wrong order. I should have known better.

And so should you. Women are supposed to be the stickybeaks. We sniff underpants for tell-tale secretions, demand to know where you've been and with whom, open your mail, monitor your phone conversations and dig deep into your past history. But men can be just as nosy, particularly when their egos are at stake. And, oh brother, your desire to be privy to all sorts of ego-boosting information can get you into a lot of strife. More than that, it can have the opposite effect and deflate you faster than a pricked balloon.

Here are a few danger zones to avoid at all costs. Believe me, she'll like you a helluva lot more and your pride will remain firmly intact.

Did you come? I find it hard to believe that males really don't know whether or not a female has experienced an orgasm. Surely she's quivered a bit, oozed some sticky juices, let out a sigh or two. A good, thundering orgasm should be apparent with both sexes. Nothing damages the lovely after-glow of lovemaking quite as effectively as this question.

Do you have the clap? If you're already in bed and rearing to go, then it's a bit late to ask, isn't it? If you have to ask, rephrase it to, "Do you have any social diseases we should discuss?" and get it over and done with before you're in the throes of foreplay.

How old are you? Whether a female is 14 or 40, this question always rankles. If she's 15, she probably wishes she were 21; if she's 40, she'd dearly love to subtract a few years. If she's wearing a school uniform and you're worried about the age of consent, then I will concede that you should indeed pose the question. Women love secrets. Let us have a few. If it's imperative that you know, ask one of her girlfriends. We never lie about other women's ages.

Haven't you put on weight lately? If she has, it's because she's content. Women generally enjoy food more when they're feeling happy and secure. Depression can lead to lack of interest in everything, even chocolates and canneloni. (The reverse can be true: some females ignore food altogether when they're feeling deliciously happy. I'll choose to ignore that variation as it blows my entire argument.) You're obviously the factor that has led her to this blissful state. If she starts shaping up to look like a sumo wrestler, then it's time to slip her a subscription to Weight Watchers.

Why don't you wear clothes like Joan Collins? Not all of us look our best in acres of satin and stilettos that could double as chopsticks. We're not all built with tits like torpedoes and arses as firm and round as two ripe peaches. Our standard issue equipment is disguised in many forms of packaging. If we did dress like glamorous Hollywood dames, you'd be the first to try and cover us up with your overcoat. It's a well-known fact that men hate their women to look too sexy. You love to drool over other females but prefer the one hanging on your arm to be attractive and well-groomed without aspiring to starlet status. Same goes for women's attitudes toward men. Few of us would want to step out with a Burt Reynolds lookalike if it meant fending off predatory females with our hatpins. However, if you've got the sort of money required to buy us a Joan Collins wardrobe, we'll rethink this philosophy. We've been known to change our minds.

Did you cook this yourself? If she's rustled you up a lovely dinner for two, then please don't question the origins of what you're eating. Even if you suspect that the tabouli is from Abu Ali's and the pastries from Madam Gigi's, keep your doubts to yourself. You'll find out soon enough if her gourmet inclinations extend little further than tuna surprise.

Do you fuck? Yes, we do. That's how you all got here in the first place. The most common retort to this question is the rear view of the object of your desire leaving your company as quickly as she can. There is absolutely no excuse to be this uncouth. A thousand alternatives surely exist and I'll leave it up to you to choose one of them.

Which movie star do you think I look like? Careful. She may just be quick enough to answer, "Phar Lap." If you bear an astonishing resemblance to any movie star, she'll tell you without being asked.

How much money do you earn? This is a very touchy one. How are you going to feel if her salary is more than yours? It can be dangerous to know (unless you are contemplating marriage in which case you have the right to ask).

Do you think I'm as sexy as Mel Gibson? If you are, you have little reason to seek reassurance. Who knows, maybe she feels the same way about Mad Max as you do about Miss April. But does it matter? A bit of good old-fashioned fantasising is healthy; it has little to do with the reality of a relationship. Sex appeal is a personal and intangible commodity; you obviously turn her on or she wouldn't be hanging around.

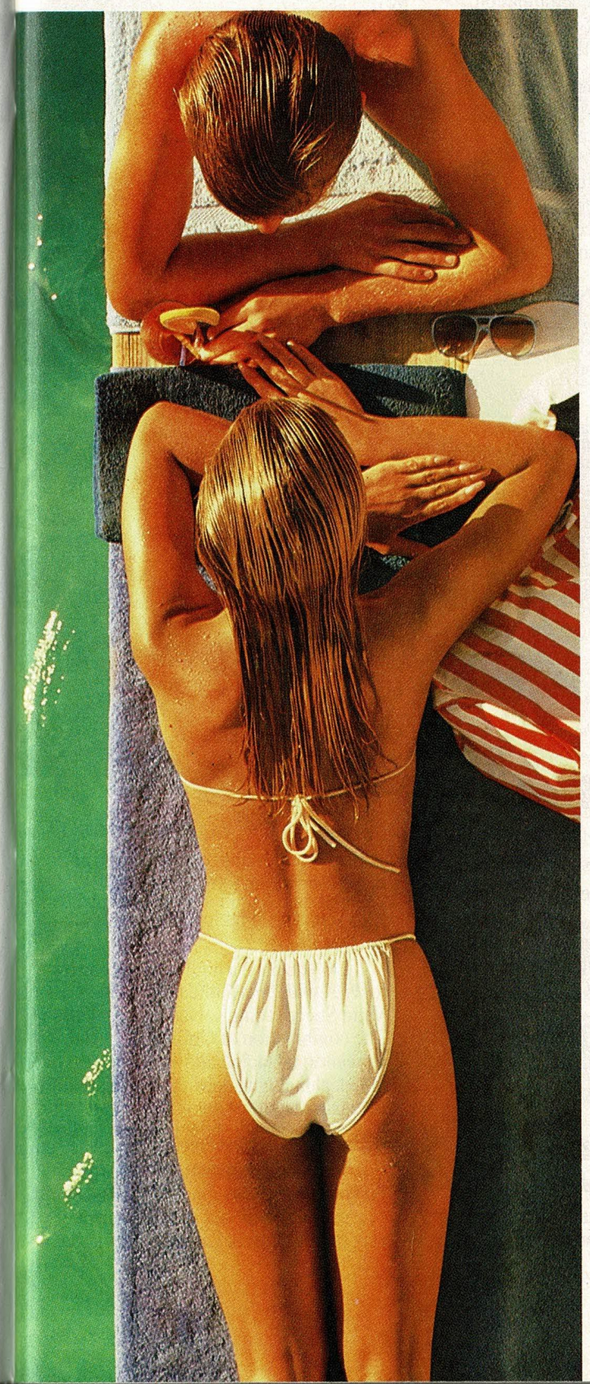
Why don't you do some exercise? I'm rather fond of the Henry Ford saying: "Exercise is bunk. If you are healthy, you don't need it; if you are sick, you shouldn't take it." Not a very fashionable point of view I will admit. Not all females are into jogging and jazzercise. Those that aren't probably feel a wee bit guilty about it and won't appreciate being quizzed on this subject. If you're smart you'll take her to the footie safely tucked under your arm rather than letting her loose at the gym among all those Tarzanic weight-lifters.

Why don't you give up smoking? If not smoking, then chocolate chip cookies, triple tia marias, marshmallows, whatever. We have our little vices (so do you). If smoking offends you, I'm surprised that you've become involved with this female. Her attractions must be powerful. If you can't stand her cigarettes, give *her* up. If she stops puffing and starts pestering you to come back, you've scored a major victory.

A little bit of mystery and make-believe never hurt anyone and particularly not in the early stages of a relationship. I've been going out with a guy for a few months now and I've managed to restrain myself from asking him if he really makes his own muesli, if the scar on his kneecap was inflicted by a scorned lover or if he doesn't think a course of vitamins would thicken his hair. I'll find it all out eventually and I don't mind being let down. . . gently.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

"My P&O cruise was, without doubt, the best holiday I've had in my life."



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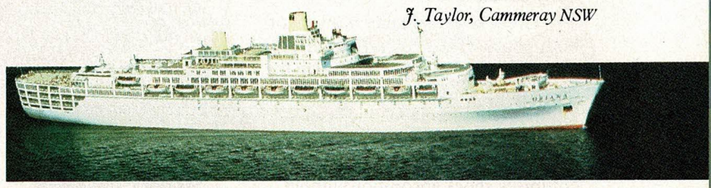
N. Azzopardi, Waverton NSW

"There was something to do every moment of every day on board. And none of the activities cost an extra cent above what I'd paid for the cruise — not even the cinema!"

T. Dalton, Cleveland, QLD

"So much was happening on our P&O cruise, the only thing we didn't get enough of was sleep."

J. Taylor, Cammeray NSW



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To begin with, you get the relaxation which you can only experience while cruising the tropical paradises of the Pacific: swimming across lagoons lined with multi-coloured coral; soaking up the sun on powder white beaches; sipping a long, cool drink in the shade of a beautiful palm tree.

While on the other hand, you have the excitement of life aboard ship.

There is a disco, where you can dance away to your heart's content. And you have the chance of winning a fortune around the gaming tables.

During the day, the range of shipboard activities and games is enormous. And if you just want to sit back and watch, there are lounges, bars and, of course, acres of sun drenched deck space.

It's all for a price which is probably far less than you'd imagine.

P&O will even arrange for you to fly TAA at special low bonus airfares to connect with your cruise.

For more information, see your local travel agent or P&O Booking Centre.

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The New adidas® Dynamic

Superior adidas German technology delivers the most advanced running shoe yet.

The running shoe of the year is here.

New adidas Dynamic. A shoe so advanced it leaves many high priced shoes at the back of the field.

adidas Dynamic is the product of adidas Body Science and unparalleled knowledge of serious runner's needs.

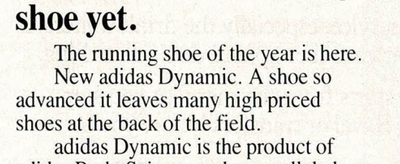
Years of intensive research, testing, then re-testing in the adidas German laboratories, exhaustive practical testing in all conditions over all types of terrain, prove adidas Dynamic features are unmatched by any competitive shoe.

Now all these proven features are together in one pair of shoes… **adidas Dynamic.**

A adidas Dellinger Web reduces body shock by 10%*

Every serious runner is aware of body shock. The heel jarring impact of about 180kg reverberates through the entire body at least 600 times each kilometre. adidas Dynamic takes it all in its stride.

The mid-sole wedge design optimises shock absorption without sacrificing lateral stability.



To further reduce body shock, only adidas has the patented Dellinger Web.

Working like a miniature trampoline, the Dellinger Web's fine polymide netting encloses the mid-sole to dissipate shock by an incredible 10%.

adidas Dynamic gets motion under control

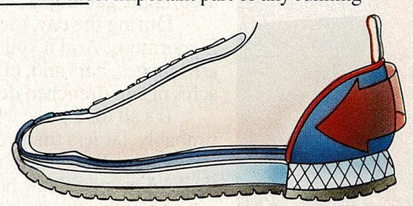
adidas Dynamic shines again. Two impressive features enable the shoe to achieve a remarkable degree of motion control.

A stable platform for maximum lift off is provided by a combination of dual density rubber sole and a unique preformed heel counter.

B Dual density rubber sole for greater stability

If you tend to overpronate or oversupinate, adidas Dynamic is the answer. The rubber sole increases in density towards the outer edge and in combination with the concave design, corrects the foot motion as it strikes the ground.

An ideal platform is created for better lift off, lessening the chance of injury and reducing fatigue. Traction is also improved by the unique studded sole configuration.



C The preformed heel counter for extra support

Notice the extended heel counter on the adidas Dynamic. Because the heel is the most important part of any running shoe, it's been preformed from thermo rubber for effective rear foot control. A firm, comfortable cradle puts an end to excessive heel movement.

D Vario Speed lacing means a perfect fit

Do you have a high arch? A narrow foot? A wide foot? adidas Dynamic Vario Speed lacing solves the problem. The combination of Ghilly lacing and conventional lacing allows you to choose the ideal lacing pattern. The best possible fit, guaranteed.

E Safety reflective heel patch

Run at night with a reflective patch on your heels. This innovation won't help you run any faster but it will help you stay running safely.

F Removable inlay sole soaks up shock and sweat

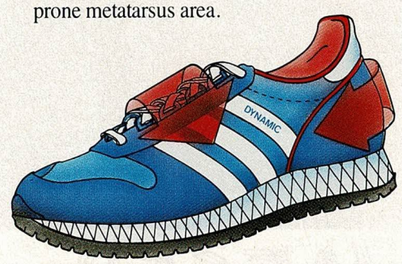
The adidas Dynamic inlay has been designed to mould itself to your individual foot shape. Easily removed, easily replaced.

G Strategic flex points for improved roll off

The suède upper on the adidas Dynamic is sculptured at the correct flex points. So the adidas Dynamic flexes for improved roll off and weight transfer after the ball of the foot hits the ground.

H Dual nylon mesh toe box breathes easily

It's no secret, your foot generates excessive heat during a run. The nylon mesh upper provides maximum ventilation and releases heat build up from the stress prone metatarsus area.



I Padded nylon tongue eliminates pressure points

This adidas Dynamic feature will make an impression by not making an impression on your instep.

J Toe protector prevents wear out

The additional suede leather reinforcing over the toe area stops premature wear out.

K Ankle collar and heel padding

The vital Achilles tendon is well protected as the heel is comfortably held in place.

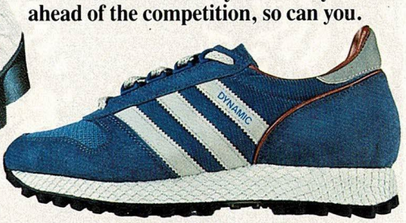
L Suede leather reinforcement at wear out points

adidas Dynamic covers the traditional weak points of shoe construction with extra reinforcing. So you can expect adidas Dynamic to take plenty of punishment without punishing your feet.

There's never been a better running shoe. There won't be, for some time to come.

Try a pair on at your nearest adidas retailer.

Because adidas Dynamic stays ahead of the competition, so can you.



** The figures quoted are based on the average measured impacts – approximately three times total body weight per impact – experienced by a man, running at a rate of 3.125 minutes per km.*

Like to know more about adidas Body Science, running shoe technology and the adidas range of running shoes? Fill in the coupon and we'll send you a copy of 'The adidas Running Guide'.

Please send me 'The adidas Running Guide'.

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It's not just the arctic ice and snow that puts the chill into the opening frames of **Fred Schepisi**'s *Iceman.* There's no comfortable explanation for the concentration of activity on one small spot of a vast glacier landscape. The hovering helicopters are as sinister as those in *Apocalypse Now* and, by the time they depart with their prize dangling below in a sling, the audience is demanding an explanation.

What they're witnessing is the discovery of a Neanderthal hunter, frozen into glacial ice 40,000 years ago and kept alive by some miracle of cryogenics. While pivotal character Dr Stanley Shephard (*Ordinary People*'s Academy Award winner **Timothy Hutton**) thaws out Neanderthal Charlie (**John Lone**), director Schepisi has the job of defrosting an audience mentally snap-frozen by other supernatural thrillers (*The Thing, The Keep, Caveman*) with which this one is threatened with being lumped.

Shephard is obsessed with the prospect of establishing some form of communication with the iceman and subjects him to some marvellously deadpan encounter sessions. This allows the film to grunt out a suitably Neanderthal statement about science versus humanity and John Lone to play the iceman like a grizzly bear woken in mid-hibernation. The more his primitive awareness is stimulated by probing scientists, the more despairing he becomes. And, as the layers of his mental makeup are exposed like a peeled onion, we find that evolution has buried some of our better instincts along with some of the baser ones.

Alas, the script is unable to sustain the wit and wisdom of the psychological statement and, as the ideas melt away, it becomes the treatment of the notion that holds the interest. Director Schepisi establishes some sort of rapport between Shephard and his prehistoric popsicle and then allows the iceman's personality to dominate that of the modern man's.

Overall, it is an impressively crafted movie considering the simplistic script. Australian cinematographer **Ian Baker** adds considerably to the awe of the production with magnificent photography of the glacial wastes and of the impressive "vivarium" in which the iceman undergoes his examination.

John Lone plays Freeze-A-Jolly-Good-Fellow in Iceman.

Springfield hard to take and Schepisi on ice.

Schepisi admits to going after a visual statement to underline the human story... "a respect for the majesty and simplicity of nature".

Thaw-provoking, Fred, if not particularly thought-provoking.

●

Rocker **Rick Springfield** makes his feature film debut in *Hard To Hold* without really extending his talent in any new direction. The rock star and television soapie heart-throb gets to play a rock heart-throb in a scatty offering that has little justification besides seeing if Springfield's fans will follow him into the cinema.

Hard To Hold is the story of an idol who becomes infatuated with the one young woman (**Janet Eilber**) he has encountered who treats the superstar with indifference.

In a film empty except for pretty faces and pretty settings, Springfield parades for fans in various dinky outfits and increasingly daring stages of undress like some sort of dress-up doll. Even the music is undistinguished and, with director **Larry Peerce** forgetting to develop either the plot line or the characters, *Hard To Hold* quickly becomes hard to take.

Producer / director **Paul Mazursky** has displayed a real American eagle eye for life's little lunacies, and *Moscow On The Hudson* provides both Mazursky and **Robin Williams** with their best vehicles yet for real stardom.

The script, which Mazursky wrote in collaboration with **Leon Capetanos,** gives us Robin Williams as a Soviet saxophone player who, overcome with the bounty of Bloomingdale's, decides to defect to the West. This may seem like the framework for a five-minute sketch, but it's all Williams needs to sustain the hilarity from Iron Curtain to final curtain.

In television's *Mork* and in **John Irving**'s *Garp,* Williams has displayed a flawless feel for the whimsical and the whacky, and he and Mazursky spark off each other like flint and steel.

Casting is one of Mazursky's great gifts and with **Elya Baskin** as Williams's soulful Russian circus friend, **Maria Conchita Alonso** as the Italian migrant who teaches him assimilation, and **Cleavant Derricks** as the Bloomingdale's security guard, he's juggling pure magic. Mazursky and Capetanos shoot the American dream full of more holes than a colander and *Moscow On The Hudson* is never less than a fountain of fun.

This meeting of two great cultures could not only slow defections to a trickle, it could reverse the flow.

●

While it is tempting to report that **Robert Butler**'s *Up The Creek* didn't even have a paddle, it will in all probability have them streaming in at the box-office.

It's another film with a softcore sexploitation formula like *Porky's* and *Fast Times* surviving on everyone's guilt-based giggles about randy teenagers careening about like squash balls on heat. *Up The Creek* at least has an engaging honesty about it. "Are you girls here for the raft race?" asks one of the gang. "No, we're here to get laid," is the reply.

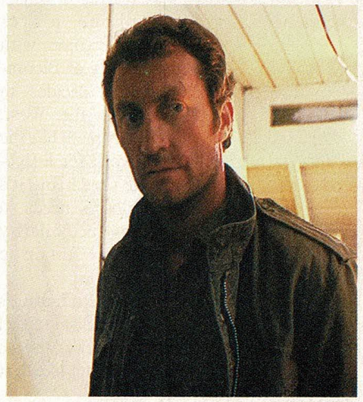
The film never soars much above that level of sophistication, but it is inhabited by some likeable misfits (played by no one you've ever heard of) whose chances of

graduation are swinging on a good showing in the inter-school raft race against some insufferable preppies.

Well, graduate the boys do, one way or another, and there's more than white-water rapids and adolescent sexual fumbles to overcome. Just when the movie looks in need of a fire cracker at its heels, a disqualified rafting team from a military academy turns up with explosives and changes the course of the river and of destiny. It provides some spectacular action footage, but when it comes to rafts on the screen, **George Raft** was probably the last good one. — ROBIN INGRAM

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

FINCH TWO: Australian film-makers seem to think they have found **Peter Finch** reincarnated in the form of **Bryan Brown.** Following Brown's success in the Finch role in *A Town Like Alice,* he has been offered the lead in an upcoming Australian remake of *The Shiralee.* Finch starred in the role in a British cinema version of **Darcy Niland's** classic outback novel in 1957. The new production is a project of the South Australian Film Corporation.

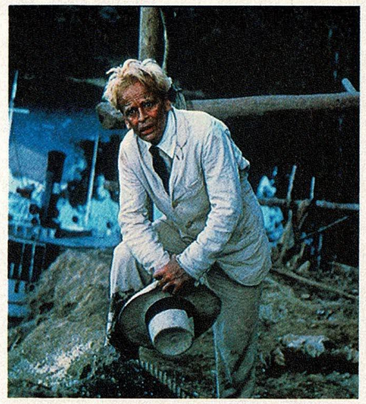


BRYAN BROWN

ANIMAL ACTING: Former Australian PLAYBOY cover girl **Lynda Stoner** is a prime prospect for the leading role in Southern Film International's production, *Fair Game.* The film is a thriller about an animal conservationist involved in a confrontation with kangaroo shooters. Lynda Stoner has been an outspoken crusader against animal slaughter and marketing director **Jim Henry** admits to being very excited at the prospect of her appearing in the role.

LYNDA STONER

IDOL GOSSIP: Bud Cort will play the role of Sigmund Freud in Twentieth Century-Fox's *The Secret Diary Of Sigmund Freud,* a spoof on the origins of Freud's theories. Co-starring in the soon-to-be-released comedy are **Dick Shawn** as a patient with identity problems, **Carol Kane** as a beautiful nurse who lusts for the young shrink, **Carroll Baker** as Mama Freud, **Klaus Kinski,** and **Marisa Berenson**. . . **Donald Sutherland** and **John Heard** have been set to star in Tri-Star's *Catholic Boys* (tentative title), described by one Hollywood insider as "a cross between *Sister Mary Ignatius* and *Animal House*. . ." Which came first, the movie or the boycott? A new production for HBO Premier Films, *Gulag* is about a former US Olympian turned sports commentator who ends up in a Russian work-camp where he plots to escape with a fellow inmate. The sportsman is played by **David Keith,** while **Malcolm McDowell** takes the role of the inmate.



KLAUS KINSKI

YOUTHFUL EXUBERANCE: A couple of lightweight comedies point to the ever-enlarging youth-film audience. Former PLAYBOY writer **John Hughes** debuts as director-writer of Universal's *Sixteen Candles,* a fresh film about young lust and associated things. **Molly Ringwald** appealingly plays a plucky heroine whose family and friends forget her 16th birthday. Instead of total triviality, we get a wicked statement about teenagers on heat. Meanwhile, Twentieth Century-Fox has a surefire winner in *Revenge Of The Nerds,* about a group of collegiate computer whiz-kids who are tired of getting kicked around and decide to start their own fraternity house. **Robert Carradine** stars as Lewis, who builds robots and doesn't realise he's a nerd, **Anthony** (*Heart Like a Wheel*) **Edwards** plays Gilbert, a nerd with a soul trying to surface, **Curtis Armstrong** as the obligatory gross nerd, **Bernie Casey** as a gay, black nerd and **Julie Montgomery** as a snobbish cheerleader who starts liking nerds when she realises they're human beings too.

ANGELA PUNCH-MCGREGOR

COMING AND GOING: Australian actress **Angela Punch-McGregor** moved to Los Angeles at the completion of her new film, *Annie's Coming Out,* the Film Australia feature in which she plays the lead role. Film Australia showcased the film at Cannes prior to its Australian commercial release. It is an emotional story based on the experiences of **Anne McDonald** who was confined in an institution from the age of three until 18 when a dedicated nurse noticed her potential. Based on the book by McDonald and **Rosemary Crossley,** the film is directed by **Gil Brealy.** Angela Punch-McGregor is one of our most accomplished actresses and the LA move could lead to the launch of an international career.

●

OLDER WOMEN: More coming-of-age romantic comedy in Columbia's *No Small Affair,* about a teenager who falls in love with an older woman. Directed by **Jerry** (*Honeysuckle Rose*) **Schatzberg,** the flick stars **John Cryer** (son of actress **Gretchen Cryer**) as a 17-year-old amateur photographer, and **Demi** (*Blame It On Rio*) **Moore,** as a nightclub singer who accidentally walks into his Nikon's frame. He asks her to pose and the rest, as they say, is history. He's a virgin, while, at 23, she's not. Basically a *Summer Of '42,* but set in San Francisco.

What wears skirts, gets a "10" for body shape, performs when the question's asked and teases the hell out of other BMW Owners?

This vehicle was a normal production BMW and has been modified **in Australia** by T-Marts.

Let's be brutally frank. Many BMW's look fairly conservative. But that doesn't apply once Bob Jane has waved his magic wand over them.
T-Marts throughout Australia now stock world famous BBS alloy wheels, aerodynamic accessories and suspension kits for all BMW 3, 5, 7 and E30 series.
The spoilers and skirts reduce lift-forces and air resistance, giving added safety and top speed while improving fuel economy.
The wheels are high-strength alloy, each individually x-rayed before it leaves the West German factory.
So now you can have a Bee-Em that looks as good as it goes.
You little teaser!

BOB JANE T-MARTS SPECIALISTS IN TYRES

Bob Jane T-Marts Australia wide, Discount Tyre Service (A.C.T.) and Ian Diffen T-Marts (W.A.)

BJ207

I wouldn't want any child of mine to be an Olympian. Not unless he or she had a deep, burning desire to do so; and even then I think I'd try to discourage them.

Being an Olympian today is too much like hard work. Not that it ever was easy. Today, however, the time, energy, effort and risks involved are not commensurate with the rewards and benefits, except for those very few superstars who can, and do, make millions out of their sporting prowess.

The dedication and discipline necessary to succeed in most sports and games today have gone beyond the realm of pleasure and enjoyment. Take swimmers, for instance. If anyone even suggested putting an adolescent into a pool filled with pollution and chemicals and making that child work hard, head down more than two-thirds of the time, gasping for breath every few seconds, for anything from four to as many as eight hours daily, the public would raise an outcry and police authorities would prosecute and probably punish the perpetrator of such a heinous crime against children.

Yet we condone and actually pay professional coaches to persuade or else force our children to undergo such punishment voluntarily, all for the sake of their possibly becoming potential Olympians.

Or look at runners, the longer distance ones particularly. Training for the Los Angeles Olympics meant running about 220 kilometres a week or even more for Robert de Castella and many other marathoners like him. Bone-aching fatigue and constant weariness become the daily companions of people who do so much running. Ask any of them and they'll confirm it, even if they all believe it to be well worth while. The wear and tear on their bodies must be horrendous. The overstress shows itself even now in the number of injuries so many of them carry, and ignore, in the pursuit of personal excellence and success in competition.

But is it really worth it?

For the runners, or at least some of them, it *can* be if they make plenty of money. For the swimmers, however, all they usually receive is fame, glory, medals and too often a state of impecuniosity.

Dawn Fraser, for instance, was the only person ever to win the women's 100 metres freestyle in three successive Olympic Games, but earlier this year she had to sell her rented pub and licence and go out looking for work to keep herself and her daughter.

No one, neither the Australian Olympic Federation with its many highly paid formerly amateur but now fully professional administrators, nor the federal or state governments with their big-spending bureaucratic sports ministries, has so far offered to do very much to help Dawn Fraser. Most of them are simply too busy beguiling other young kids, like Dawn perhaps once was, into the make-believe world of Olympians.

Training to be a champ: is it worth the trouble?

Since all of this seems a helluva strange attitude for someone who made a bit of a name as an Olympian and competitive runner himself and who still earns a reasonable part of his living writing and talking about sports and games, let me point out that I'm not at all bitter. Indeed, I'm extremely pleased that I did my athletic and Olympian things when the world was so much simpler, more naive and very much more enjoyable for those who took part in the fun and games of the Olympic and Commonwealth Games and other such events.

Which brings us to a question that really needs to be posed seriously. Have the Olympics reached the end of their usefulness and, if so, should they be continued much longer?

The question will raise the hackles of many an administrator as well as some of my contemporaries who still wish to live in their own Olympian reveries, forgetful of reality and the changes which have occurred.

When Frenchman Baron Pierre de Coubertin first founded the modern Olympics in 1896, his concepts were purist and idealistic even if already somewhat segregationist and elitist. It took until the '20s for the games really to gain wide acceptance.

In the '30s, however, the Americans (in Los Angeles in 1932) and the Germans (in 1936) began the ballooning which led to the oversized enterprise that the Olympics would eventually become. Perhaps the last of the really good, fun, friendly games were in Melbourne in 1956, even if they too were somewhat marred by politics, particularly the animosity between the Russians and the Hungarians shortly after the Magyar uprisings. Since then, grandeur and being successful have become much more important than actually taking part, meeting people from different cultures, and having fun while competing hard and seriously.

Earlier this year I was discussing some of the glaring omissions of former Olympic medal winners from the '84 Australian Olympic team with a senior Australian Olympic Federation official, who said to me, "The name of the games today is winning and making money." To which I could only respond: "Funny, that. When I was competing in the '50s and trying my hardest to win as well as make money, I was told it was not only illegal but totally against the spirit of the Olympics. Taking part was much more important then than winning or making money."

No, the fun has really gone out of the games, and I don't think I would want my child or anyone else's to aspire to become an Olympian. Not unless he or she could be assured of being a champion and winning a gold medal or two. And then only if it could be achieved mainly on natural talent, with a modicum of training and hard work which would not interfere with all the other more important things in life, like getting a good education, finding a job which they would enjoy all their working lives, having fun, going to parties, meeting new people and generally getting a great buzz out of life.

You won't find those things in today's Olympians, which is a pity. But you can find some of them by being just ordinary, average and sensible rather than killing yourself trying to be the greatest in a pool or on a synthetic running track.

Maybe the moral is that if we wanted to stop kids smoking tobacco or dope, drinking alcohol and seeking meaningless sex, all that's needed is to make those things compulsory and also competitive. In the early stages there'd be plenty of fun and enjoyment, but as the competition and promotion developed, it would become more and more difficult and eventually too tedious and even, perhaps, boring. The majority would finally drop out because of the pressures and lack of joy or pleasure.

Then maybe they'd all go back to running and jumping and even swimming. Who knows?

— MIKE AGOSTINI

There's a difference in the curves.

Even the most enthusiastic TX5 owners could forget to mention it.

They will probably talk at length about the hatchback styling, the 5-person roominess and even point out how much versatile luggage space the split-folding rear seat backrests can provide. They may go on about TX5's extensive list of luxuries.

They will surely extol the virtues of the powerful 2 litre power plant, comprehensive instrumentation, smooth 5-speed manual transmission, slick fingertip controls and multi-adjustable driver's seat.

In fact there is so much to say about their car, that TX5 owners just might forget to mention the sophisticated suspension control system. And the difference it can make in the curves, on the open road and in city traffic... the touch of a button which allows adjustment of the TX5's ride comfort and handling characteristics.

But there are people who'll tell you about it and even let you drive a TX5-talk to one of them at your Ford Dealer soon.

Open the doors to something different.

Ford Australia-We're moving with you.

TX5 Ford

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PLAYBOY ADVISER

Questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts.

I've decided to join a health club but don't know how to choose the right one. What guidelines do you suggest? I am not wealthy; I want good service at a reasonable price.

— B.J., NSW.

The pluses of joining a health club can be many. Clubs provide you with equipment which is either too costly or too cumbersome for you to own personally. They also provide you with the supervision of trained specialists and the incentive to continue your program at the times when you feel like giving up. There are minuses too, however. Costs often are prohibitive and if you're not careful when selecting the club, you may end up being disappointed with the standard.

The type of equipment and activities offered by a club vary so it is a good idea to check out what each club gives its clientele. It should offer several aerobic activities such as jazzercise or cycling or maybe even running if facilities such as an indoor track are available to members. Find out if the club has any Nautilus equipment, or facilities such as spas and saunas. Don't become the member of a club that has mechanised equipment — the machines end up doing the work you're supposed to do. Don't fall for those breathless claims of miracle weight loss through the use of rubber suits and suchlike — the only "slim" factor is the chance of such gimmicks really working.

Another important consideration is the location of the club. Will you use it more if it's close to work or if it's close to home? Check if the hours of the health club are compatible with those you keep. Remember to never join a club that has yet to open its doors as you've got no way of gauging its quality. You should assess the staff by their ability and willingness to outline a personal program and teach it to you and then by the way in which they follow up your progress.

Visit the club at the time when it is likely that you will use it. Is it overcrowded? Is the equipment in a good state of repair? If possible, talk to a few members who have not been introduced to you by the club management. Listen carefully to their comments on the facilities. As for the joining fee, make sure that before you hand over money you know exactly what it is you're buying. Read the fine print and never become a life member — it's more than likely that the club will die before you do. As a last word of caution: make sure your doctor gives you the green light before you embark on any get fit program.

●

Walking tall, dressing thin and getting fit.

Fat, chubby, overweight, obese. They all describe me but I do *not* want to lose weight. I *love* good food and I intend to keep on eating it but most clothing manufacturers must think that we fatties have no dress sense whatsoever. There's not much I can do to change their designs so I am turning to you for advice on how to choose styles that will flatter.

I'm sick of combing through rack after rack of shapeless clothes. What should I look for in the clothes I buy?

— K.P., WA.

One hard and fast rule is to leave all form-fitting suits and shirts well alone to the Grant Kenny lookalikes. Roomy and not necessarily shapeless shirts, sweaters, unstructured jackets, blazers and suits are your best bet. Avoid side vents on your trousers and opt for centre-vented jackets that will open only when you walk. Cuffed trousers will balance heavy thighs and hips. Classic colors and styles are the keys to looking good. Stay well away from loud checks and bulky knits.

●

I have very little knowledge of the different flavors of liqueur that are available. Could you please print a simple list of the most common ones?

— P.L., WA.

Many people are confused by the sight of a long list of exotic-sounding liqueurs. We have listed 17 popular varieties and their corresponding flavors.

Amaretto — almond; Benedictine — brandy and herbs; Chartreuse (Green) —spicy brandy; Chartreuse (Yellow) — brandy, herbs and honey; Cointreau — orange; Creme de cacao — chocolate; Creme de cassis — blackcurrant; Creme de menthe — peppermint; Curacao — orange; Drambuie — honey and whisky; Galliano — licorice and herbs; Grand Marnier — orange and cognac; Irish Cream — whiskey, milk and chocolate; Kahlua and Tia Maria — coffee; Cherry (Peter) Heering — cherry; Sabra — orange and chocolate.

●

I am only 5ft 4ins tall and would love to be taller, but since I am now 21 the chances of that are virtually non-existent. I was wondering whether or not the clothes I wear could possibly make me look shorter, just as some clothes can make you look fatter. Are there any styles of clothes I should steer clear of, or any clothes which could give the illusion of more height? Resorting to platform shoes is a step I refuse to take!

— M.S., NSW.

We're glad you refuse to step into platforms. Nothing makes a short man look more ridiculous or emphasises his lack of height quite so much. Wear clothes that have strong vertical lines. The silhouette of padded shoulders, a tapered-down waist and leggy trousers with ankle-hugging bottoms that is so in at the moment is ideal to create an illusion of height.

Walk tall and others will think you are too.

●

I've had a *really* embarrassing problem lately — smelly feet. I could have died when I took a woman home the other night and I noticed her screw up her nose when I took my shoes off. Luckily it didn't ruin the rest of the evening — at least not this time. Is there anything I can do for this horrible condition or am I just destined to be a social leper?

— T.Y., NT.

The problem you describe is bromdrosis —in layman's terms, smelly feet. The reason you have been afflicted with this embarrassing condition is because you are obviously subjecting your feet to a warm, dark environment (your shoes) where they are sweating freely. The solution is to ensure that your footwear allows your feet to have sufficient ventilation. Buy shoes in materials that breathe, such as leather, canvas or mesh. Wear cotton socks so that perspiration is absorbed; avoid synthetic shoes and socks at all times.

If these measures fail to keep your foot odor in check, buy some charcoal shoe liners from a chemist and, if that doesn't alleviate your problem, see a doctor for medication.

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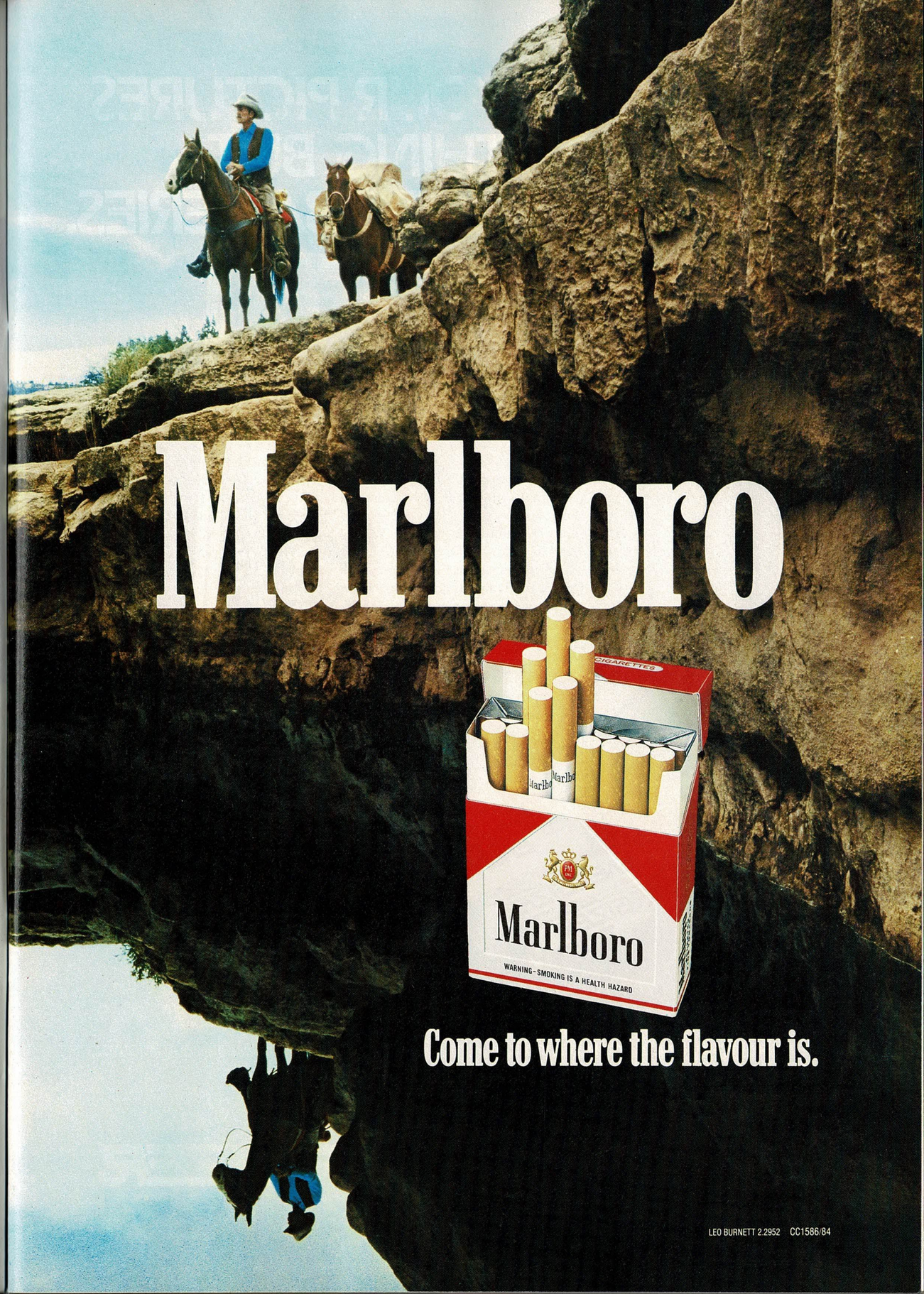
The PLAYBOY ADVISER will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to PLAYBOY ADVISER, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We regret that personal replies cannot be given.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RON BARASSI

A candid conversation with the king of Aussie rules about the politics of football, big money sport, big men and bigger egoes.

Next year Ron Barassi turns 50. It's hard to believe of the great Australian football player, coach and commentator. He retains a boyish vitality and curiosity that doesn't fit the image of a man half a century old. Yet he does seem to have been around forever. Aussie rules without Barassi is unthinkable. Was there football before Barassi? Will there be football after Barassi? Probably, but will it be as much fun?

Ronald Dale Barassi is the guru of the game that inflicts much of Australia with a strange, one-eyed malaise every winter. Of the three codes of football played in this country, only one has produced a star, a personality that has become a household name. Even in NSW and Queensland, the states where Aussie rules does not dominate, the name Barassi means something.

It first appeared in the Football Record *in 1953 when Barassi played his inaugural senior Victorian Football League match. He wore the blue and red colors of Melbourne and proudly carried his late father's number 31 on his back. He was far from an instant success. Hero status came later when he originated and developed the ruck rover position and played a key role in Melbourne's great run of premiership victories in the '50s and early '60s.*

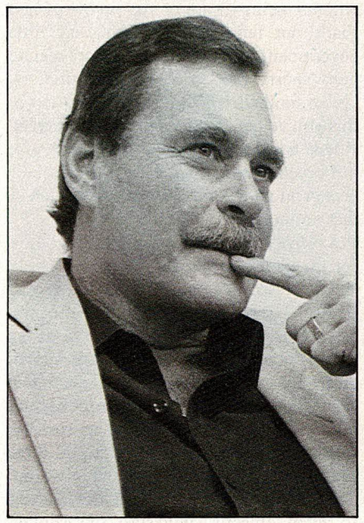
Barassi the player was a skilful, rugged footballer equally at home flying for spectacular marks or on the ground crashing through the packs to boot home yet another goal. Physically and mentally he proved he was one of the great champions of the game. Under coach Norm Smith, who had a special family relationship with Barassi, the Demons played in seven successive Grand Finals from 1954 and won five of them. In 1960 Barassi became club captain and the following year he was made captain of the Victorian side and then captain of the all-Australian team, a tribute to his inspiring leadership abilities. Barassi could also be a highly controversial football player and he was in the habit of telling umpires how they should run the game — an action that did not endear him to the umpires. His most controversial act was when, after leading Melbourne to a premiership victory against arch rivals Collingwood in 1964, he transferred to Carlton for a record fee and became the Blues' new captain and coach.

The rest is football history. He coached Carlton to two flags, retired for a year, then came back as coach of North Melbourne and within three years took them from last on the VFL ladder to their first premiership. The same year North won the Australian Team Championship against the premier teams from the other Australian rules-playing states.

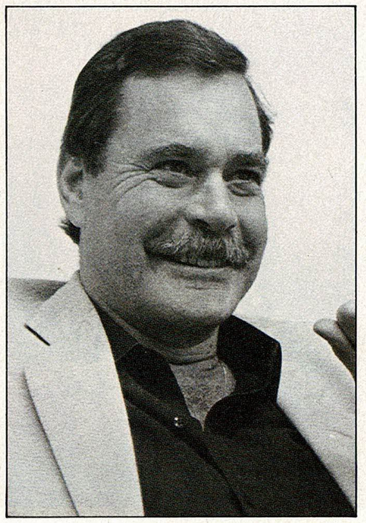
Playing Barassi's dynamic style of fast play-on football, North Melbourne appeared in three more Grand Finals winning another premiership in 1977. Barassi had established himself as the doyen of coaches and was in demand as a commentator and public speaker.

He became the first footballer to successfully capitalise on his name and bring the skills of inspirational leadership that he learned on the playing field into the wider spectrum of corporate education and self-improvement.

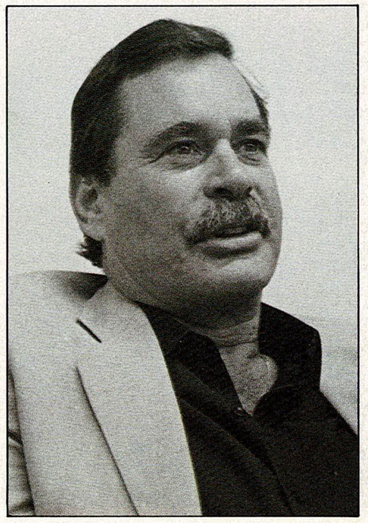
In 1981 he took over as coach of an ailing Melbourne. Now in his fourth year with the Demons, he has not yet produced the results he was able to achieve with Carlton and North Melbourne. His star may have dimmed a little but he still remains a tremendous influence in Australian football and is in great demand as a commentator. For last year's Grand Final he flew to New York to do a live commentary for American cable TV's direct telecast.



"I don't think there's a huge difference as to how a player should feel if he's a piece of meat."



". . . the sort of flirting I'm talking about is harmless but it's in very bad taste when your wife is there."



"It's the excuse makers, the guys who want to take a short cut, that find me hard to cope with."

Australian PLAYBOY's Melbourne correspondent, ***Rennie Ellis,*** *trained under Barassi at Melbourne back in 1960. He remembers being in awe of the great man and still remains a fan. Ellis reports: "Barassi came to my home and put two hours down on tape. The following week I pinned down a very busy, highly organised coach in the committee room of the Melbourne Football Club for another two hours of candid comments. I found Barassi to be a chatty, relaxed and disarmingly honest man. He took calls on the intercom, swapped football talk with Josie, the elderly lady who was pasting up Melbourne's press cuttings book, and at 1pm he formally lit up the first of his 20 cigarettes for the day and sat back ready to field more questions..."*

PLAYBOY: Has the Sydney Swans experiment been successful and is that the start of a national league?

BARASSI: It's too early to tell. The Swans thing should have been done years ago as a separate idea that had nothing to do with a national league. But now it does lead you to national connotations. It'll be another eight years before the Swans can be deemed successful. And maybe another 15 before we have a national competition. But remember the Swans first went to Sydney as a way of solving the club's financial problems and not as the beginning of a national league. Although the people in the VFL who think about the big scene in football have been wanting to get the game into Sydney for a long time. If you love the sport you want to see it grow.

PLAYBOY: What is new and exciting about Australian footy?

BARASSI: It's evolved at a very fast rate in terms of speed. The speed with which the ball is moved around the field and the running speed of the players. The need for speed is so important now that it's of prime consideration when recruiting players. David Dench of North Melbourne missed close on two years due to injury and when he returned to the side he felt the game had speeded up five percent in that time. I find as a coach that one set of eyes is no longer enough.

PLAYBOY: The training of players is very different now, isn't it?

BARASSI: We're doing three times the hours we did when I started playing with Melbourne in the '50s. There's much more thought going into the game now. Players have to be involved even when the ball is 100 yards away: it's non-stop concentration. I think Hawthorn's win in last year's Grand Final took football a step further. That game was almost perfect. They may never play that way again. They crunched a grand finalist into submission. It was extraordinary.

There was everything the modern game has — tons of skill, tons of running, tons of fierce tackling.

PLAYBOY: With the salaries paid to players these days and the massive transfer fees, we get the feeling players are products to be bought and sold and exchanged and that they're not in control of their own football destinies.

BARASSI: The only difference now is that when a player is axed, he's sold. Before, when he was axed, he went to another club without any transfer fee, or to the VFA or up the country coaching. I don't think there's a huge difference as to how a player should feel if he's a piece of meat. He's always been the property of the club. That sounds awful but I can't really see how team sports can operate without some sort of control of the individual by the club. The club is always more important than the individual. There's no question of that.

PLAYBOY: In her book *Up Where Cazaly?*, Prof Leonie Sandercock criticises the way the big business side of football has undermined all the old traditions of the game and the way the ordinary barracker is able to relate to it. Last year a poll revealed that a vast number of people were not at all happy with the VFL image.

BARASSI: Yes, I think the VFL has made some public relations errors. But let me make the point that a lot of people wouldn't really know the problems associated with football today or what the VFL really has done. It has done an absolutely fantastic job. But yes, there is a public image problem. I think it's come on with too hard an edge at times, unnecessarily so. But don't forget football has dragged itself up by its bootstraps. The VFL has had to gain control of grounds, build its own stadium and all without any government help. It's had to push the game into a professional era, the same as every other sport has done, despite the fact the game mainly exists only in southern parts of Australia. It's successfully countered the popularity of soccer. The fans want ground facilities and so on but all this costs money — they criticise without being aware of the problems and that's not fair. There's been very little government help. Governments are seen to help sports that don't help themselves, unlike football which does. And on top of this you've got this sick, small, demeaning Aussie habit of knocking people at the top, just because they're at the top. We can never be a great nation while there's too much of that around.

PLAYBOY: Would you agree that football is for the people rather than the VFL?

BARASSI: No, it's *of* the people, *by* the people. The game's the thing. But when you ask people to pay to watch, you're in the sports entertainment business. And a lot of Australians are not sophisticated enough to know that if you want all this improvement in standard of play it's going to cost big money. Players today are putting three times as much time into the game as we did. They're happy to do this until they're 26 or so, when someone would start complaining, like the wife and kids. Now the players can say they're building a future. "This extra money can buy a home or have the kids educated in a better way or whatever." If the people want the extra standard of these champions staying in the game longer they've got to be paid well. And with the specialised training we do today you've got to be fitter, stronger and more skilful. Standards have improved incredibly. The modern team would thrash the team of 30 years ago. So, given all that, football administration and the amount of money needed to field a team is far different than it used to be.

PLAYBOY: One of the big changes is the concept of club loyalty. Once a player was, say, a dyed-in-the-wool Collingwood player or a Richmond player and they wouldn't dream of playing for another club. Now they switch clubs at the drop of a hat. Do you get the feeling that the intense involvement with a club on that emotional level is not as strong as it used to be? Now it's more of a business, is the player's allegiance to the dollar?

BARASSI: It's not as strong as it used to be but I think old-timers are up themselves if they say, "Oh well, we were very, very loyal." I'd like to see how loyal they'd be under the same scale of temptations that there are now. But the dollar wasn't there. Values have changed and loyalty doesn't mean as much now. Back then it was a powerful thing in the community. You got a lot of kudos, a lot of peer group respect for being seen as loyal. Loyalty is a word you've got to examine very closely. Let's say a guy gets a chance to earn, after tax, $15,000 extra a year. Now if he's got a young family and he doesn't change clubs to take advantage of the extra income, couldn't you say he was being disloyal to his family, their needs and their future? So there are conflicts of loyalty. I've come up against it so I know what I'm talking about. Players don't necessarily make the change easily, even though it's a lot of money. Of course some are swapped because they're not good enough or there's a personality clash — that's a bit different. And there is the odd bod definitely out for himself. There may be less club spirit these days but it's prized more. You'll find the very strong teams have very strong club and team spirit. We got a guy who was left over from Carlton in 1980 and it took him a year to get used to the fact he wasn't with Carlton, he had just loved the place so much. The trauma of changing clubs is still there, believe me.

PLAYBOY: Are there players you know of that are full-time professional footballers?

BARASSI: Yes. But there won't ever be any at the club where I operate because most of the players who don't want to have jobs and don't have them are, I think, fellows who aren't too keen on work. At Melbourne we just won't allow fellows to play in our seniors unless they are working, or seriously looking for work, particularly if they're young guys.

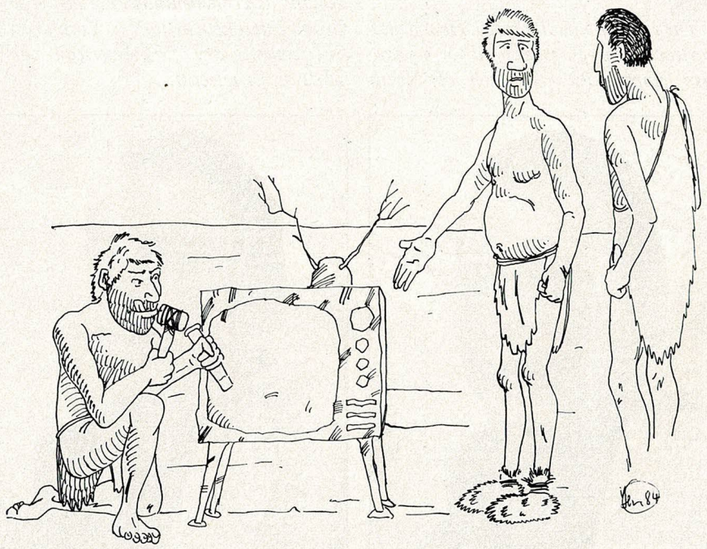
PLAYBOY: Do you see a time when football players will be fully professional as they are in European and American soccer and American gridiron?

BARASSI: It probably will come. But it would have to be a national league before that happened. You just can't expect four million people in Victoria to support 12 fully professional teams. It's not possible. There's got to be a lot more money in the game to cope with that. I'm not sure it's a good thing but I would say that the players at this stage are in a kind of no man's land where they're trying to do two jobs at the same time, and that's damn hard yakka. Very demanding.

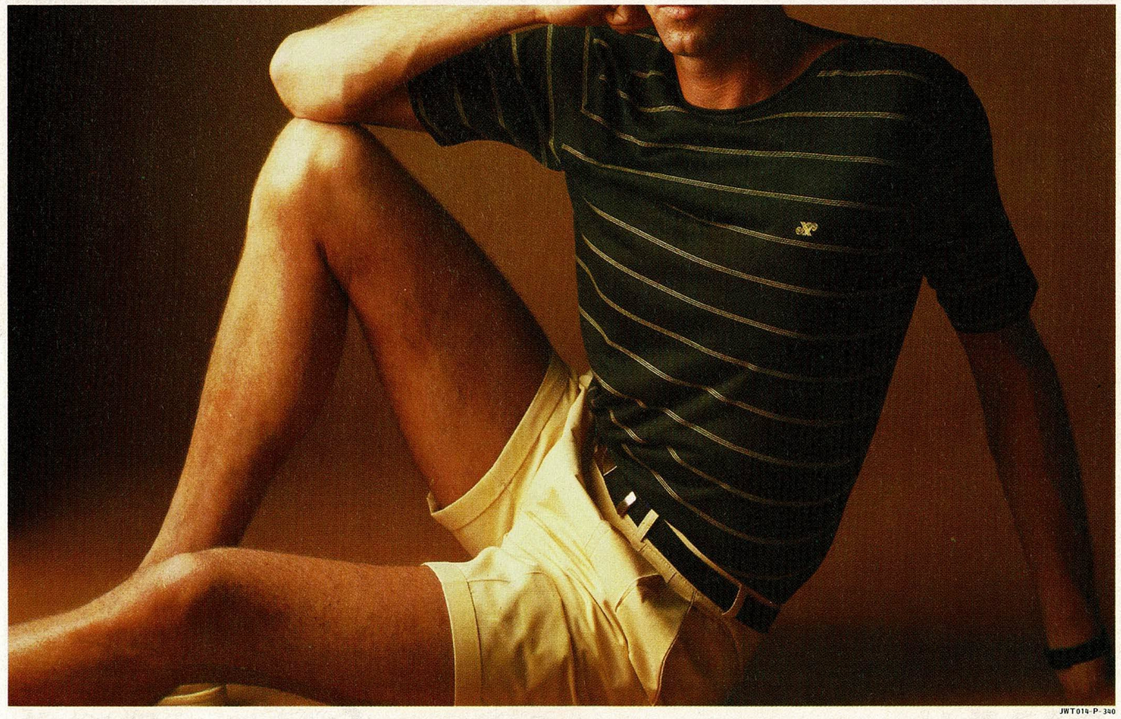
PLAYBOY: Do you think VFL football has been helped a lot by big, successful businessmen taking over the helm as club presidents? For instance Lindsay Fox at St Kilda, Bob Ansett at North Melbourne, Ian Rice, previously at Carlton, Ranald McDonald at Collingwood.

BARASSI: Initially I thought that was a great thing. But now I have my doubts. Why? Because I haven't seen any results! In fact football has got into more chaos in the areas of finance where they're supposed to be experts than ever before. Perhaps they don't put the time into it. Then again most of the time they put into their own businesses is in the policy-making, directional area, not the nitty gritty of putting the stamps on the envelopes. But even in that directional area I don't see that much change for the good in football. So it makes me wonder a bit.

PLAYBOY: Because VFL football is the state



". . . of course, he is a genius — but he's too far ahead of his time."



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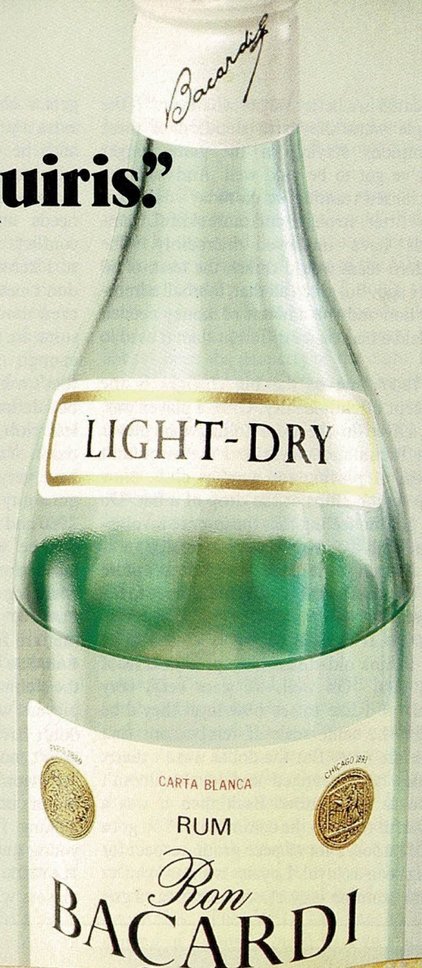

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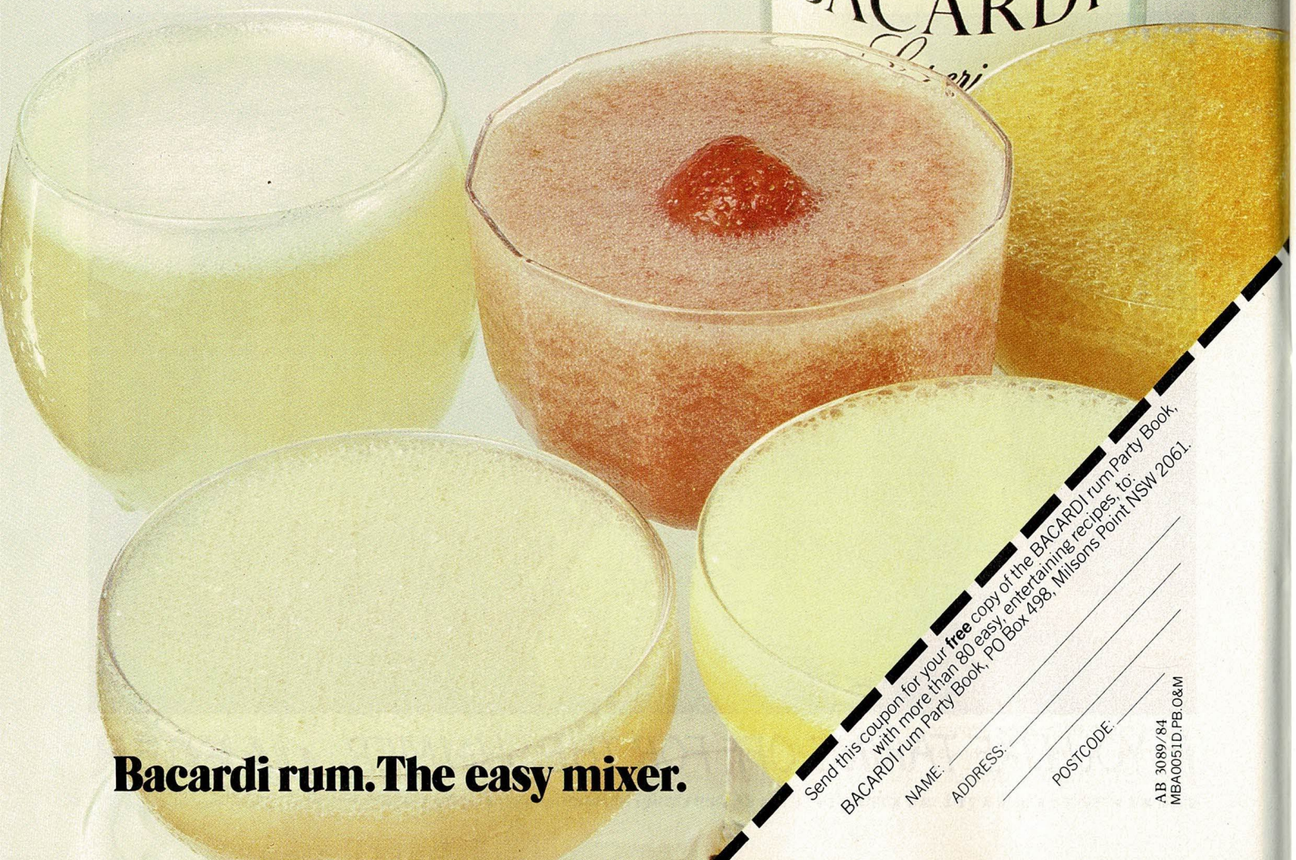

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of the art, Victorian clubs are able to filch the best players from other states and this seems counter-productive to the idea of a national league and good strong teams building up in the other states. Should some sort of ban come into force to stop this?

BARASSI: There is a limit of two per club per year and there's a move to make it one. But yes, I think Victoria has been a bit cavalier in its attitude to seducing players from the other states. They do become better players and now, because interstate games are based on teams made up of players from their state of origin, state teams are much stronger and, in fact, Victoria is no longer the champion. The problem is that there is no grand national master plan for Australian football. And even if there was, the teams and the states would probably be too pig-headed and too selfish to adhere to it.

PLAYBOY: Do players get a percentage of the transfer fees as they do in English soccer?

BARASSI: No, not here. I don't care if they do or they don't. But it might seem fairer if they did. What the players would have to realise is that the clubs have only got so much to spend, so if the selling club wants *x* number of dollars for a player and the buying club has to give that *x* dollars, plus 10 per cent to the player, that means the player's salary has to be cut down. At the moment clubs are spending $200,000 on transfer fees and a million dollars in salaries per year so on top of that they'd have to find an extra $20,000 to give players 10 per cent of their transfer fees. Where's that going to come from?

PLAYBOY: The player is the goose who lays the golden egg so surely he ought to get a taste?

BARASSI: But the extra money has got to come from *somewhere*. I don't think the transfer fees would go down. The selling club is going to say, Sorry, mate, but this is what I think he's worth. The only place it can come from is the players' total package. Do you realise it costs about $2,500,000 a year to run a footy club in Melbourne?

PLAYBOY: How much is your average VFL player being paid as a salary?

BARASSI: Well, if you've got about a million dollars for salaries per club and there are 50 players, then your average is $20,000. But there's a lot of variation in that. I don't really know what the players get.

PLAYBOY: You really don't?

BARASSI: No, I don't. I have an idea. If I want to know I'll ask and I'll be told. But I don't want the extra pressure of saying, well, that bloke is getting $30,000 a year and he's not putting in enough work to warrant it. I don't want that kind of bias on my judgement. But there are times when you need to know because you might be thinking of swapping a guy. The club might come to the selectors and say this guy is pressuring us for more money, we're not going to do it, so are you prepared to lose him? Consequently, more and more coaches and selectors *have* to know the amounts, or at least ball park figures.

PLAYBOY: What are the ball park figures?

BARASSI: The newcomer as a kid playing his first or second season would get $300 or $400 a game. In his third or fourth year, perhaps $600 to $800. If he's a regular after, say, five years, he's probably on, say, $1000 a game. Maybe less. And the superstars? I've heard some very high figures from other clubs. It's very hard to judge whether they're true or not, but I've heard figures of up to $3000 a game.

PLAYBOY: What about players and booze or drugs?

BARASSI: I don't know. Considering the work load needed today in top football if they got into anything that was harming their bodies it would soon show up. You hear stories of 30 or 40 years ago about guys who could get whacked out of their minds with booze on a Friday night and still be the best on the ground the next day. I doubt if it would be possible now because the physical demands on a player are enormous.

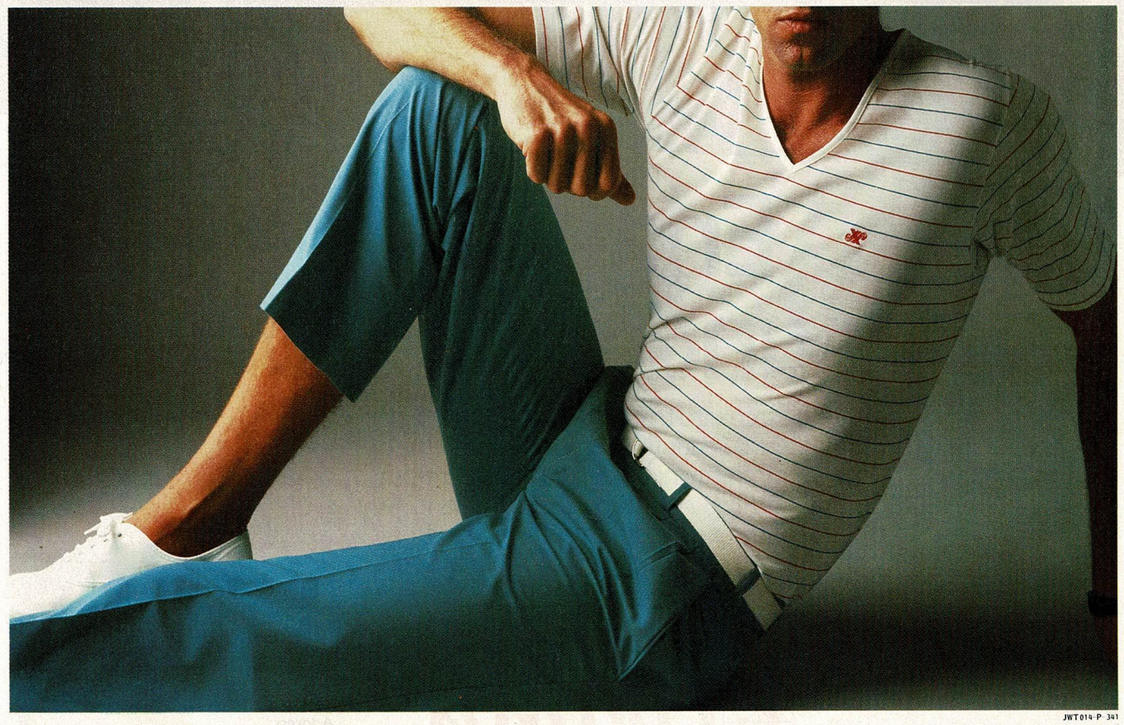
PLAYBOY: What about the girls? Is there such a thing as a football groupie?

BARASSI: There certainly is.

PLAYBOY: Do young girls make themselves available to football stars in the same way they might to rock stars?

BARASSI: Oh yes. Yes. Maybe not as much but it definitely goes on. A club might have to have a word in a shell-pink ear if it began to interfere with things.

PLAYBOY: How much do clubs involve



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themselves in players' personal lives and how much do you think they should?

BARASSI: A good club with a good attitude toward pastoral care will get involved a lot. Often the players will come to the club with their problems. There are problems a club can help with, such as employment. There can be problems the youngster doesn't want to tell his parents about. Often the kid is living away from home. A good club will feel responsible for country or interstate kids. Club spirit means caring for each other and this shouldn't stop when you come off the field. Of course some players let off-the-field problems interfere with their game.

PLAYBOY: A fair amount of betting goes on the results of VFL matches and that must open the way to bribes.

BARASSI: The last time I heard of someone being nobbled was a grand final umpire in Adelaide a few years back. And a couple of league players, *supposedly*, in the late '50s. They're about the only things I've ever heard of in the way of getting at people. I know that once betting comes in and the figures get big enough, it increases the risk of temptation. But I just can't see a player being important enough.

PLAYBOY: But if your star goal kicker misses a few goals he may have been able to get, would it make a big difference?

BARASSI: Yes. But I just can't see it, knowing the young footballers as I do.

PLAYBOY: People could think that's a naive statement.

BARASSI: I do tend to be idealistic. But put it this way, if it *had* gone on, I'm sure I would have heard rumors about it.

PLAYBOY: Should the Grand Final be played at the Melbourne Cricket Ground rather than at VFL Park at Waverley?

BARASSI: Yes. It's the most centrally located. All the big hotels that put on functions for the clubs are a hop, skip and a jump away. The events of Grand Final week are in the city. It's a Melbourne event. To me and to a lot of interstaters that means the centre of Melbourne.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Melbourne Cricket Club members should give up some of their privileges to accommodate that?

BARASSI: Well, it is the VFL's game and it's their business what they do with it. They're going to make a lot more money at Waverley, and because of the mess we've got ourselves into, there is a crying need for money. It could be the life blood, the difference between one or two teams dropping out of the competition or not. If we're not going to have that money, there's got to be some compensation. I think the VFL is quite right demanding its members have the use of MCC facilities. The government can jump in the lake. This is a bloody free country. I think the MCC members voted selfishly when they refused to let VFL members into their club areas.

PLAYBOY: How long do you see yourself staying in the game as a coach?

BARASSI: I don't know. All I know is that when I finish at Melbourne I will have a year off. And whether I come back to it or not I don't know. I've made those sorts of statements before I guess, and then changed my mind.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a contract with Melbourne for a number of years?

BARASSI: No, it's pretty much open-ended.

PLAYBOY: As a coach, what sort of motivational skills do you bring into play when you're trying to get your team up?

BARASSI: The more professional the game gets the less important those sorts of skills are because the real professional is a self-motivated person and if you've got to have someone else inspire you, then you won't win the premiership. You've got to have a lot of self-starters.

PLAYBOY: To what extent can a coach be held responsible when a club fails to win games?

BARASSI: If his team is well turned out, if the discipline is good, if the fitness is good, if he hasn't been caught short on tactics, if the spirit of his team is pretty good, then he's done his job. You've got to have the raw material. There's no question that a coach should be judged on his ability to get the best out of what he's got and not necessarily where his team is on the ladder. The statements you hear from some people who have watched football for years are just so outrageously wrong. And some of those people might be committee men judging who should be coach. It's a joke! For example,

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they make mistakes about players. You hear someone saying that such and such a player is a tough cookie. And I know he's an out and out squib who covers it up. That's just one example.

PLAYBOY: What about club politics?

BARASSI: The job shouldn't be political at all. I don't think the coach should get involved. That's where you've got to have good management. The coach who knows his stuff, who knows what a good football club is about . . . if he's got poor administration he can see so many things going wrong that in the finish he starts getting involved because everything in a football club affects the players. I'd be hopeless with bad administration. I'd be fighting all the time. I'm not exactly known for keeping my mouth shut.

PLAYBOY: In the past, because of your great track record, you've been seen as the doyen of coaches, almost as infallible, as a miracle worker. Has your recent lack of success with Melbourne changed people's attitude toward you?

BARASSI: Oh yes. Whereas once I may have been seen as, well, let's use the word god-like — it's an awful word — it's not quite the same now. No one's god-like anyway. I'm realistic enough to know my word would be questioned much more than previously. That's natural because we've failed on the field.

PLAYBOY: How have you coped with that?

BARASSI: I haven't liked it but I don't get uptight about it because I understand why. When you know about success you also know about failure and you examine why things are so. When someone's successful, people listen to him. But they start to question you a lot more when you're a failure and then the pressure really comes on. I've seen that happen throughout my career.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever sucked in by your own image?

BARASSI: Oh no. I always made sure that didn't happen. I've got enough people around me as mates who, if I went over the top with that sort of stuff, would bring me back quick smart!

PLAYBOY: It's been suggested that you're the type of ranting, raving coach who is extremely authoritarian, demands instant obedience and robot-like responses from your players and that this approach is out of date because the lifestyle and the calibre of players have changed.

BARASSI: Yes, there *is* a different kind of player. That's been happening over the past 10 or so years.

PLAYBOY: Do you try and adapt your communication skills to suit the personality of the player?

BARASSI: I think I do. Yeah. But I won't change completely. I'm not an easy guy to con and I can see through bullshit. My style is maybe seen as a bit abrupt but it's my experience that the people who have got character take it in their stride. It's the excuse-makers, the guys who want to take a short cut, they're the people that find me hard to cope with.

PLAYBOY: Who are your heroes?

BARASSI: My heroes? Dead or alive? Doesn't matter! Jeez . . . Laurie Kerr.

PLAYBOY: Ex-Carlton footballer and chief of International Public Relations? Why?

BARASSI: I like his approach, his strength, his intelligence. I like his values. Who else? Herb Elliot for similar reasons and Alan Alda, the actor/writer. . . I just reckon he seems a terrific guy. Never met him. Just all I've read about him seems good. He's just a very kind, caring person with a good sense of humor. Guy Gibson, VC, a British air ace I read about as a kid. Squadron Leader Cheshire — he must have been some sort of guy. Norm Smith, my coach, was a hero to me. I think if you got to know all your heroes, they'd become less heroic to you.

PLAYBOY: Do you see us as a nation of slack people where the she'll-be-right attitude prevails?

BARASSI: I wouldn't say that attitude prevails, but there's too much of it. If we were the only country in the world it would be quite okay, but we are in commercial competition. And that should be important to us because we are a very materialistic people and therefore we have to be very aware commercially of what's going on in the world. One goes with the other. I don't think enough Australians think in terms of a

(continued on page 128)

SPECIAL OFFER

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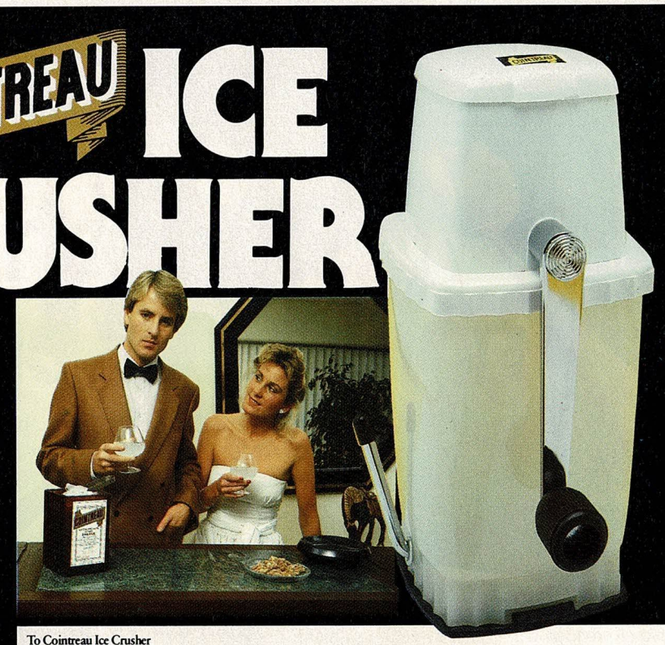

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WAR ON THE HOME FRONT

Our Vietnam vets won't let us forget the horror.

FOUR VIETNAM VETS are in my lounge room. They are mentally disturbed men who believe that their minds, and perhaps their souls, have been poisoned by the horrors of war.

One of them — we'll call him Steve and in fact all their names have been changed — has just finished explaining how he would like to kill a few of his workmates who taunt him about his problems. Steve is a powerful-looking little bloke with a tough, genial face that reminds me of Charles Bronson. At a vets' counselling meeting a few nights earlier no one batted an eyelid when Steve mentioned killing his workmates.

They just listened politely and then moved on to the next topic. I made a note at the time: ASK STEVE TO ELABORATE! He was only too happy to oblige.

"Oh yeah," he said conversationally, "I'd like to do away with these people ... I just wonder how far I can be pushed before I do it." Steve patted my dog and sipped his coffee.

"I thought electrification would be a simple, clean way of doing it and very hard to trace. I could make it look like an accident ..."

Article by

FRANK ROBSON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN EWART

I asked if he was serious.

"Oh shit, yeah!" Steve said, surprised. "I think about it every morning when I get to work. I'm always the first one there so there would be plenty of time to make preparations ..."

Steve is a worry. Most nights when he gets in from work he watches an hour of TV, then goes to his bedroom, draws the curtains and sits in his chair for a couple more hours. He sits in the darkness and listens to noises and lets his thoughts wander.

Maybe he thinks about the 10-year-old Vietnamese boy he shot when the kid was advancing on an Australian medical team with a concealed hand grenade. Or the time he was dropping smoke bombs on a Vietnamese school when, on a whim, he pulled the pin on a grenade and dropped that down into the smoke. His intention was "to kill and maim kids and people".

Like the others, Steve loathes socialising. If his wife manages to drag him along to a party or barbecue, Steve sits in the corner of a room and does nothing. He won't drink or eat or smoke. He sits there glowering at his wife's friends and thinking what a mob of deadshits they are.

Before long he will say loudly to his wife: "Can I go now?"

He keeps this up every 10 or 20 minutes, raising his voice until his wife can no longer endure the embarrassment.

He smiles, hunching forward. "Sometimes when I get home I pray that there's a burglar or something, you know?" The other men nod. They are all grinning.

"I'd *love* to find a burglar in my place in the dark," says Steve wistfully. "Oh, I'm *good* in the dark!"

Laughing, the other vets wriggle about in their chairs. Despite their problems — two are alcoholics, one has brain-scarring due to a mosquito bite that caused encephalitis and the fourth was confined to a psychiatric hospital for 17 months after his return from war — they seem to be thoroughly enjoying this meeting.

I ask them why this is and, as usual, Steve is the first to respond: "You're sort of neutral," he says. "You don't seem to be against what we did. I'd love to talk to other people about it ... but not if they seem to oppose what we did over there. Then I would just walk out."

A few minutes later, Robert, a regular at Alcoholics Anonymous who admits to beating his wife and his invalid mother with heavy objects, is talking emotionally about an orphanage in Vietnam that Steve helped to build.

"I saw five tiny kids there whose parents had just been killed by the war," he explains. "You couldn't get those kids off you. They clung and clung. When you pulled them off and put them down they howled. I tell my kids: 'You gotta be grateful for what you got.'"

Steve starts cackling. "I just thought of something!" he says. "This is *classic*! And I'll get away with it too — within a month I'll be licensed to carry a .44 Magnum."

Steve has reapplied for a private inquiry agent's licence, having held one for 10 years in another state. He doesn't want to work as a private eye; he simply wants to carry a Magnum.

"I'll have to wait until I'm licensed to be able to act the way I want to in the dark. Oh, I love going out in the dark," Steve says with that blissful look back on his face.

Some of you are probably thinking, and understandably so, that what I had in my lounge room was a bunch of tragic ratbags blaming their screwed-up lives on Vietnam in the hope of securing war pensions. All these years after the war, you may be wondering, how can they blame Vietnam?

Well, the facts are that all four of my visitors that night are still receiving psychiatric treatment; three of them have attempted suicide, two are divorced and all display textbook symptoms of what the shrinks call post-traumatic stress reaction (PTSR).

There is no way to neatly summarise their suffering, just as it is impossible to explain why so many young men were mentally tainted by the evil of the Vietnam war, while others seem unscathed. One thing is clear: the public has no inkling how many Australians — adults and children of both sexes — are still feeling the effects of that evil. PTSR (in less complex times called shell-shock) turns promising young Dr Jekylls into insular, selfish, self-hating, perverted, vicious, violent and potentially homicidal Mr Hydes. And there is no argument about the existence of PTSR: both here and in the United States the condition has been thoroughly documented and clinically researched.

Shell-shock turns promising young Dr Jekylls into insular, selfish, self-hating, vicious, violent, perverted and potentially homicidal Mr Hydes.

Since the war, many vets have suicided to escape what the sickness made them become. Some — like Glenn Reuter in Rockhampton who shot a constable and then himself earlier this year — go out in a blaze of bullets as befitting their media reputation of "human bombs set to destroy all those around them".

Thousands of vets still receive psychiatric care — PTSR can set in long periods after the trauma that caused it and continue indefinitely. It is often confused with the alleged effects of chemicals such as Agent Orange (and there *may* be connections in some cases) but chemical-induced malady dies, although better known to the public, seem unlikely to have had anywhere near the wide-ranging effects of PTSR.

Realising this, the Fraser Government in 1982 took a lead from the US and set up the Vietnam Veterans Counselling Service (VVCS) in all states. Staffed by social workers, the service maintains a friendly, informal atmosphere and carefully avoids any red tape. Because of their often paranoid mistrust of authority (itself an established PTSR symptom) the service's laid-back approach suits the vets and has induced thousands of them to come forward with their sad and frightening stories.

Queensland now has the biggest caseload of all VVCS branches. An estimated 17,000 of the 45,000 Australians who served in Vietnam later settled in that state, attracted by cheap real estate and, perhaps, the need to exchange one tropical jungle for another.

The best way to visualise the role of those who listen to veterans' problems is as exorcists. In exhaustive round-table sessions, the therapists help the men to exorcise fear by talking it out and recognising common themes.

In Brisbane the boss exorcist goes by the unfortunate name of Trevor Fear, a slight, balding, expatriate New Zealander with a Ned Kelly beard and 20 years' experience in crisis counselling with organisations like Life Line.

Of PTSR, Fear says: "You might emerge from a bad car accident psychologically unscathed and I might emerge from the same experience a blithering idiot. Who can explain why you handled it and I didn't?"

The fact that large numbers of vets are not coping with their Vietnam experiences is evidenced by Fear's workload: assisted by just two other full-time therapists, he has 700 veterans on his books.

"This can be harrowing work," advises Fear. "Of all the front-line crisis intervention work I've done, this is the most intense. The homicidal and suicidal content in a lot of the stuff we handle is very severe ... if these guys threaten to do something, they normally do it."

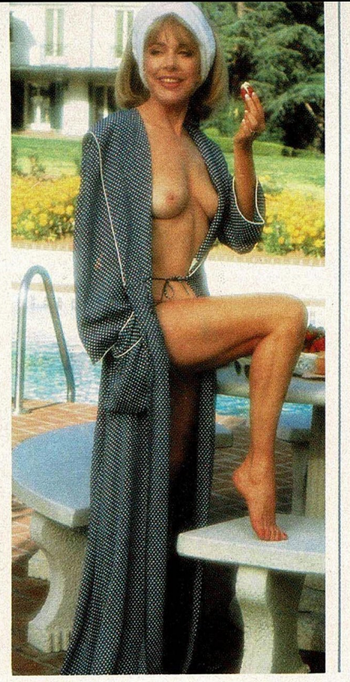
For two weeks, with Trevor Fear's cooperation, I attended the service's counselling sessions and followed up on these with outside interviews. Having read the typical tabloid yarns about "human bombs" I began the assignment as a sceptic; it always seemed to me that a lot of veterans were making their behavior fit a stereotyped image — one perpetuated by sensational journalism and the manic mystique of vet characters in films like *First Blood* and *The Deerhunter*.

What changed my mind, more even than the chilling confessions of the vets themselves, was a three-hour counselling session attended by eight veterans' wives.

These women, and quite often their children, have fought horrendous domestic battles for up to 18 years and sometimes literally for their own survival. But because

(continued on page 96)

"Some people collect miniatures, but we feel we have too much money for that."



Some things just improve with age. Notice Terry (far left) in a publicity shot from the movie **Platinum High School** in 1959. At near left, she poses poolside today. "You don't have to be trapped in an old body at any age," claims Terry, an exercise fanatic. "You can stay young if you work at it."

Want to know what a billion dollars feels like? Take a good look at Terry Moore-Hughes.

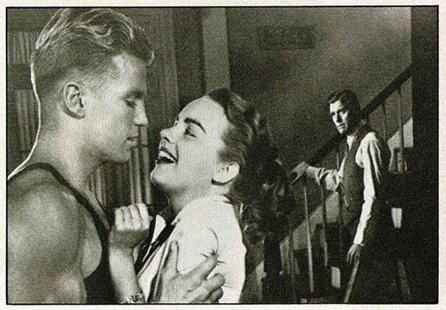
BILLION-DOLLAR BEAUTY

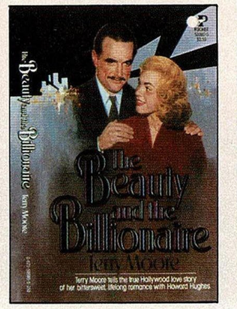
If there was anybody who could take it with him when he went it would have been Howard Hughes. But even this American billionaire, fabled for getting his own way, had to leave some treasures behind when he died in 1976. One of them was Terry Moore. His wife. The woman he married in secret 35 years ago aboard his yacht. Last year, the heirs to the Hughes estate finally agreed with Terry's claim that she had indeed married the eccentric billionaire. There was a cash settlement and while no one will talk about it, her solicitor says vaguely: "It's somewhere between five and eight figures." Adds Terry: "I can live off the interest for the rest of my life."

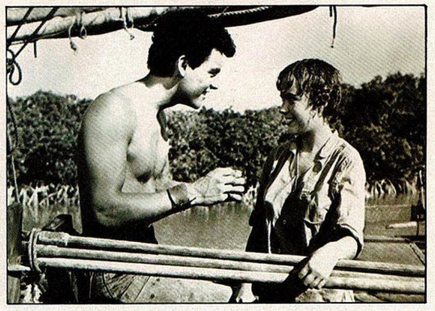
As that favorite Hollywood maxim goes: "Nothing exceeds like excess." Terry's good fortune hasn't ended with recognition of her widow's status. A West Coast publisher has negotiated a six-figure advance for her book and Hollywood directors are discovering that sometimes the freshest face in town has been around a long time.

How long? Fair question. Take a good, long look at these pictures. The lady is 55 years old. That's right, no mistake, 55.

Terry first met Hughes when she was a young, innocent starlet in the Hollywood of the late '40s. In her heyday she appeared on more than 30 magazine covers, and in 1952 she received an Oscar nomination for her role in *Come Back Little Sheba*. During her career she made more than 70 movies. Now, as movie fans know, Howard Hughes had a voracious appetite for beautiful young starlets. Terry was only 18 when Hughes began wooing her. When she agreed to marry him, he







That's Burt Lancaster in the background (above left) watching Terry in a steamy embrace with Richard Jaeckel. The movie was **Come Back Little Sheba** and it earned Terry an Oscar nomination in 1952. Another film success, **Beneath The 12-Mile Reef** with Robert Wagner (above right), followed in 1953. Despite her success and high profile, few knew of her marriage to Hughes, described in her book (above centre).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR AND KEN MARCUS

deluged her with flattery and gifts and made her promise to keep the marriage secret. For Terry it was her first love and after decades of secrecy it hurt to come out and fight for recognition as Hughes's widow when the billionaire died.

Terry says it wasn't money that drove her to prove her claim. "I've always been able to make a living," she says. "The thing I wanted was vindication — to prove to the world that I had been married to him, that I wasn't some twit who went around making up stories. There were a bunch of crazies claiming things. The thing I was most happy about was their admitting I was his lawful widow."

Although Terry never saw Hughes again after he became a recluse in 1955, and even though she married again after the Hughes marriage broke up, Terry says she can never forget the man and she has met no one who can compare with him.

Single again and basking in new-found celebrity status, Terry Moore-Hughes doesn't lack for suitors. They're mostly billionaires who want everything Howard had, including his wife. "That's because Howard Hughes is every zillionaire's dream of what they'd like to be," she explains. "He had everything — the studio, fast cars, fast aeroplanes, women at his feet. Just like they want to buy mementoes, something he owned, they want to meet me and take me out. I just haven't found anyone who compares to Howard. It's a shame to even try to compare because you can't. When I look back the only man I ever totally loved was Howard Hughes."

So enjoy this chance to poach on a billionaire's realm. This is the woman Hughes loved enough to marry. You can say one thing for old Howie, he knew a thing or two about women.

"I've always played the girl next door. I was never glamorised. That's one of the reasons the PLAYBOY session was so much fun. I can't believe these photos are me."

MONEY VS. LOVE

30 traps to beware of on the stock-market of life.

QUICK, what's the most common reason for couples breaking up? Infidelity? Boredom? Domestic violence? Bizarre sexual demands?

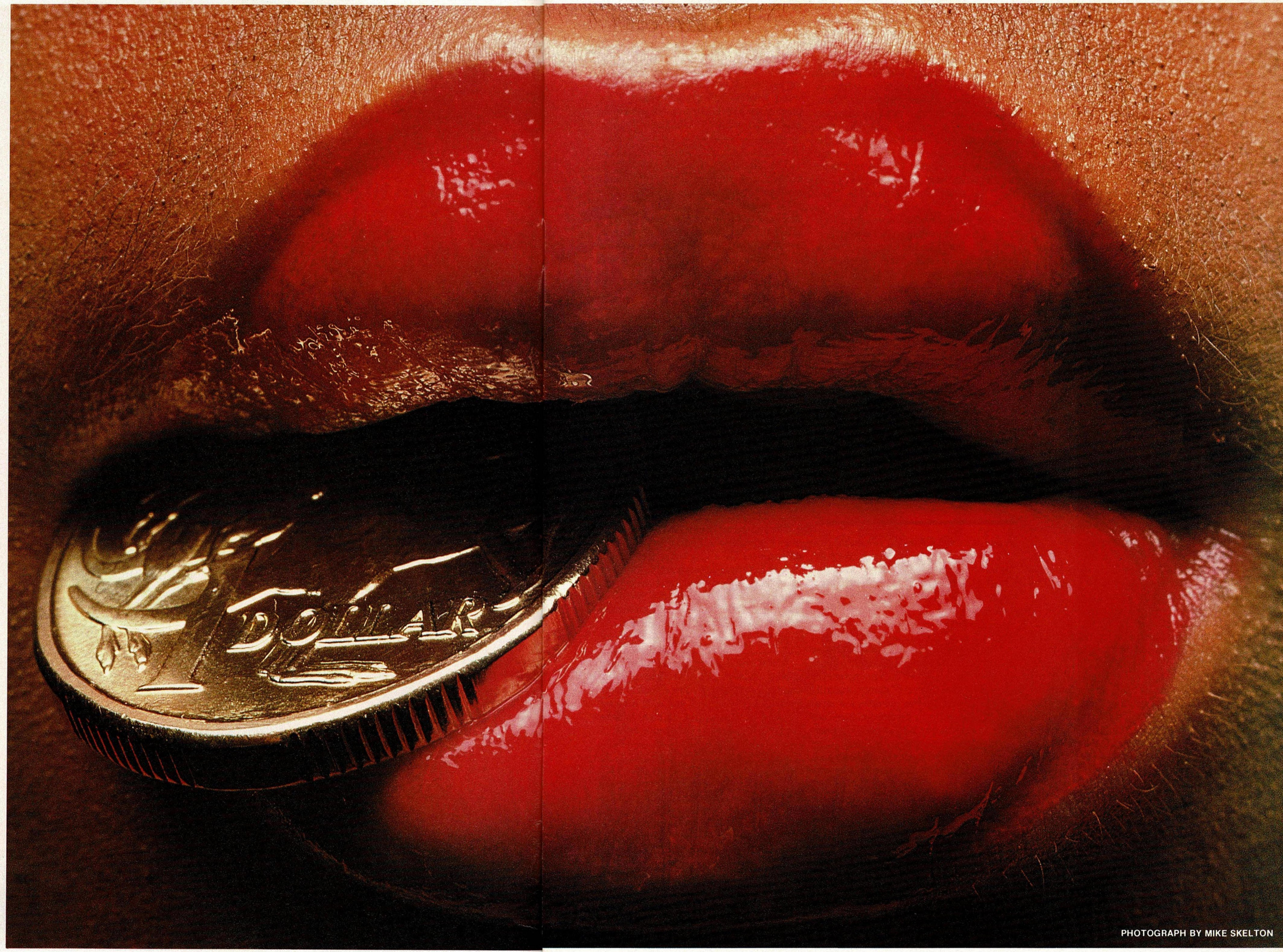
Wrong! The divorce courts hear all sorts of imaginative excuses for marital break-up but they're usually window-dressing for the judge. Talk to marriage guidance counsellors and they'll tell you the single biggest cause of marital break-up in Australia today is. . .money. This is the '80s and money does matter. You can dress up like Dame Edna, have your wife put on a split-crotch, see-through Batman suit and pelt you with prawn rissoles, she'll probably go along with that. But don't you dare fuck with her credit cards.

The same is probably true of most relationships: de facto, casual or serial. When the chill wind of poverty blows through the window, true love skips out the door. Be honest with yourself, do you really believe your partner sticks with you because you're a helluva bloke, or could it have something to do with the house, car and annual holiday in Fiji?

Accepting that money is probably more important than true love — hey this *is*

Advice by

PHILIP BLUMSTEIN AND P. SCHWARTZ



PHOTOGRAPH BY MIKE SKELTON

the '80s, remember — there's no reason you can't have both. All it takes is sensible money management.

Just to help you out, here are 30 tips about major monetary pitfalls you should try to avoid. And remember, the shrewd man keeps his wallet and his woman close to his heart.

1

The most common fight is about money management. This is especially relevant when money is tight but one partner insists on the right to spend it as he or she sees fit. For example, Bruce gets his pay cheque and immediately spends it on his car. He says, "I earned it, I'm going to get some fun out of it." Fair enough, except that his wife was counting on that money to pay the plumber's bill.

2

The second most common fight is over whether to spend or to save. One person wants to live it up; the other sees rainy days in the future. The person who wants to spend feels that his or her partner's reluctance to use money is not only a spoilsport reaction, it is also a vote of no confidence in his or her continued earning capacity. One the other hand, the partner who wants to save begins to feel unsafe with a spendthrift partner.

3

Common fight number three is when partners are not equally comfortable about the amount of debt they are willing to carry. Bruce thinks Bankcard is an invitation to carry a large balance on account every month. His wife isn't bothered by a few hundred dollars being carried over but worries when the numbers start to rise higher. They share their credit rating, so she's worried by his style of debt.

4

Even when people agree on a general approach to saving they can still run up against each other's financial philosophies. If money is to be saved, the next question is "how?" Women tend to be more conservative about investments and are partial to savings accounts or gilt-edged investments. Men are more likely to think that oil wells and property to renovate are the ways to go. A couple may resist each other's plans — especially when she reminds him about losing his money on WA mineral exploration and he tells her what he thinks of her buying 25-year savings bonds.

5

Decisions over who will keep the cheque book and manage the budget can erupt into serious battles and hard feelings. Sometimes a man fights to be the only one who knows what money has come in and what has gone out. This makes the woman go mad because she doesn't know how much money they have and can't make informed money-related decisions. She feels like a child. When she wants to be a grownup, he resists. Problems also arise if she does keep the cheque book but is constantly under surveillance and is really just a clerk without any decision-making power. She may think she's a trusted partner until he summarily reverses one of her budget decisions. Suddenly, she appears to be an employee rather than a partner and she feels humiliated. There are other perils in this area. Let's say she's the book-keeper and gives him an allowance. One day he asks for money and she says, "Sorry, we can't afford that." He says, "That's impossible. I'm a good provider. You must be a bad manager." She is insulted, especially if she's been a genius at making each of their dollars go for 10. But if he has never been to the supermarket, he can't understand where all the money has gone.

6

Couples often quarrel over record-keeping.

This is a little issue that may surface, say, around tax time. "What do you mean, you have no receipts!" he gasps. "How could you lose bank statements?" A person who is a book-keeper at heart linked with a free spirit, is headed for some smouldering encounters.

Bruce gets his pay cheque and spends it on his car. He says, "I earned it, I'm going to get some fun." Fair enough, but his wife was to pay the plumber.

7

Monetary independence is a crucial issue in couples' money management. In a household where one or both are never ever allowed to have "private" money, guerrilla warfare can erupt. For example, a woman who has no right to private funds — not even enough to buy her husband a present he doesn't know about — may start "skimming" some money out of household budget. One day he discovers her nest egg. He doesn't call it skimming, he calls it stealing.

8

Other danger zones are arguments that pair children and money. Men often don't realise how much money it takes to clothe and feed a child. The conversation can be particularly intense when it's about children from a previous relationship or marriage. She may accuse him of not caring about her children or of protecting his kids but not hers. If there is not enough money to treat the kids even-handedly, the entire relationship can be in jeopardy.

9

The same problem applies to in-laws and parents. Say Bruce's family needs help and he has to ask his partner. If the partner won't help or isn't gracious about it the other resents having to plead for something he feels his partner should gladly provide.

10

The last of these dreaded why-must-I-contribute-to-your-past-life? arguments involves alimony and here we get into the major league of money battles. The new wife is not particularly pleased that half his salary and some of hers goes to support his ex-wife in the style to which the new wife would like to become accustomed. Jealousy over the past gets mixed up with deprivation and the result is volatile stuff.

11

Some women feel that "your money is our money and my money is mine". A traditional man encourages that feeling — after all he is the earner and having a woman who feels that way reinforces the provider role. Another man, however, particularly one who may find her money is needed for family expenses, may no longer find this quaint. Her "mad money" makes him feel just that. This is especially tricky in a household where the man encourages a woman to feel this way then changes the rules when finances get tight.

12

The two-career couple has its own special money aggravations. First, if they have been independent for a long time, they hate to have to be financially accountable to anyone else. They find *anything* that requires fiscal co-operation and compromise offensive. They should tread lightly the first time they have to co-sign a note or lend money.

13

Which brings up the wonderful world of pooling money. The first fight is about whether or not to do it. The second is about getting used to doing it, and what it means for someone else to have the right to draw (and overdraw) on a joint cheque book.

14

Then there are the fights over what's fair to contribute. Will each partner put in half or will each put in money according to what they make? Some partners say, "You want an equal say? Then put in equal pay!" If he earns $50,000 and she earns $18,000 and he wants her to pay half of the $2000 monthly mortgage payment (or she doesn't get a full vote), he should be aware that he is manipulating her into a resentful junior partnership. Her money seems to get lost in the pool. She makes a suggestion about what to do with their money, but he doesn't

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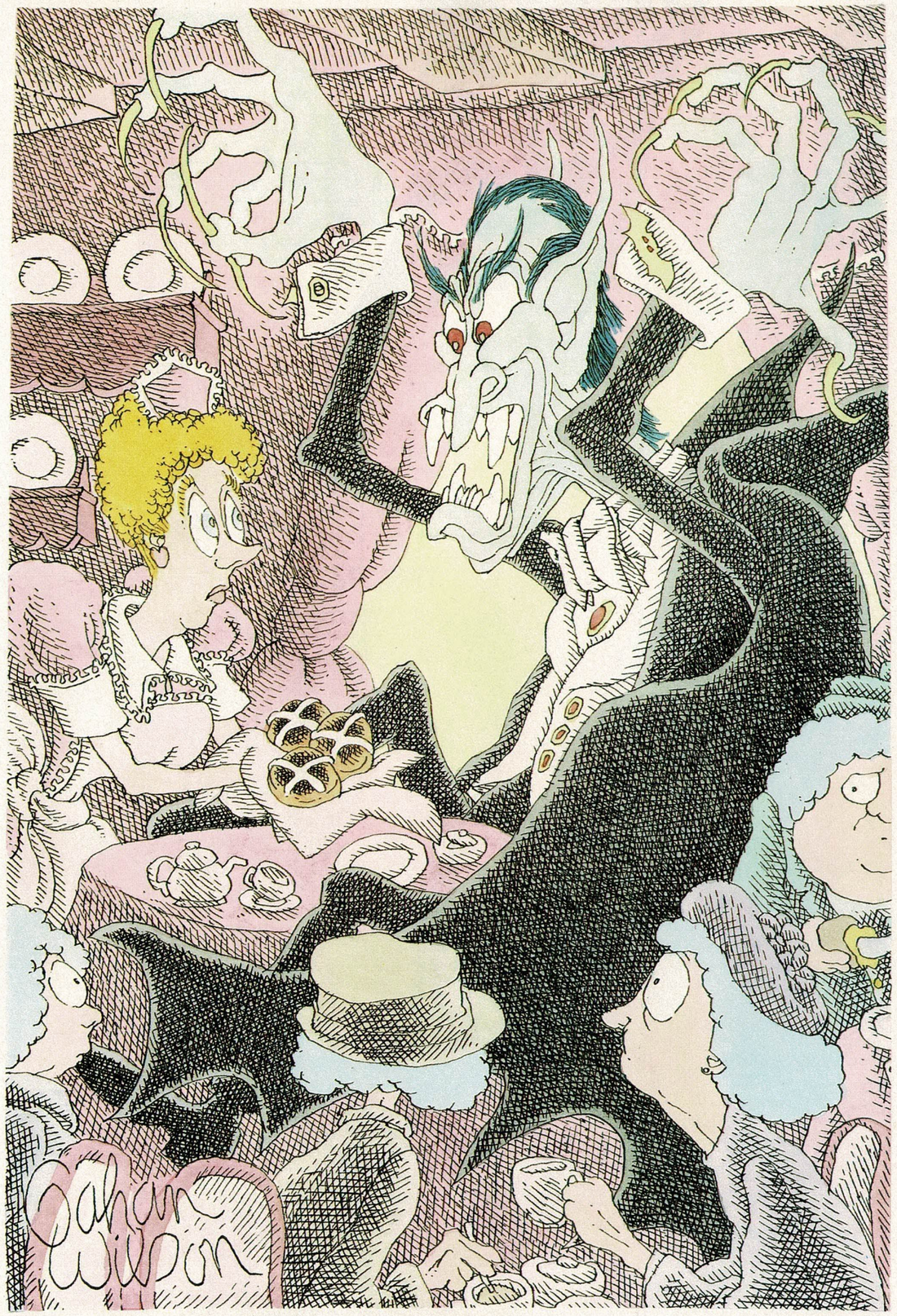


THE JOGGER

Sex in suburbia never runs smooth.

"BINKS... Binks... poor old Binks..."

The whispered chant of Arthur Bayswatter's seven-year-old daughter in the back seat of the car was loud enough for him to hear.

"... she wears dresses that always stinks."

A giggle bubbled from the child like water from a spring and infected her brother briefly until he smothered it to rebuke her with the superiority of his two extra years.

"Stupid!" he exclaimed. "Dresses is plural so 'stinks' doesn't fit."

Bayswatter was vaguely aware that the children were both out of line. In their family, neither vulgarity nor the calling of one's sister or brother "stupid" was accepted behavior. But Lorrie and Mark had sensed his *(continued on page 101)*

Fiction by **IAN STEWART**

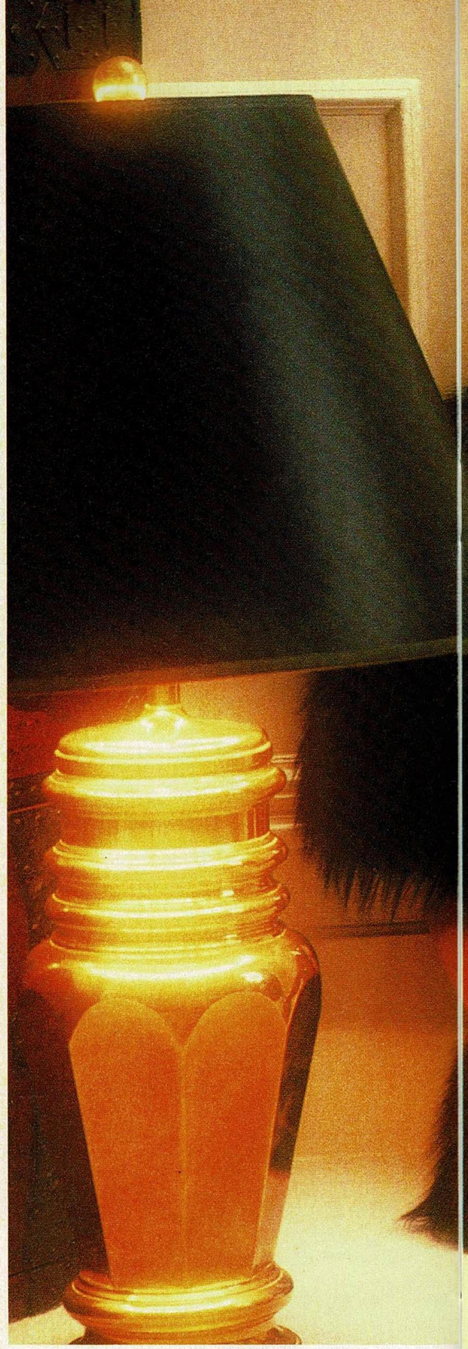
ILLUSTRATION BY SHERYLL PHELPS AND JOHN MITCHELL

CRUISIN' SUSAN

Susan Dean is the reason why Perth is in a State Of Excitement

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH

"I don't think my body is that beautiful. I used to be skinny, no chest, no figure, but things have really altered in the past few years. Perhaps I'm a late bloomer but I think I'm getting better all the time. I used to pick up copies of Australian PLAYBOY and look at the girls. At first I didn't think my body was good enough to compare but then I noticed I was getting — how should I describe it? — more womanly. In the past year I've picked up the magazine and thought I was as good as, if not better than, a lot of the girls in the pictures."



Susan Dean was barely 18 when she walked out of a steady job and took off around Australia in an old Holden panel van with a pet pooch called Dylan for company. After seeing the east coast, she headed due west and settled in Perth where late-night ragers may have been served by Susan across the bar at Pinnochio's, a popular Perth nightspot.

Susan decided Perth looked good enough to call home and she is settling in very nicely thank you. In addition to slinging liquid fun for a nightclub she spends her days taking singing lessons, making pottery for sale through a friend's ceramics shop and the occasional modelling assignment. Some of Susan's lingerie ads may have helped WA back its claim that it is, indeed, the State Of Excitement.

"Before I decided to see Australia I worked as a receptionist in Sydney for a company retailing commemorative spoons by mail order," she says. And she adds with a laugh: "Yeah. . . that boring! It was a real wrench when I left."

Susan grew up in Lithgow, NSW, but later went to live with her grandmother on the coast at Nelson Bay before her brief career in a Sydney spoon emporium. She says she wasn't afraid to drive around Australia by herself because Dylan was more than capable of looking after her. "He's a German shepherd, trained by the air force police. A good attack dog when you need one. I felt safe with him around and I never came to any harm."

Susan decided to check out Perth because of glowing reports from friends who had arrived there before her. "They told me how beautiful it is and when I got there I was impressed; I had to agree. It may be a long way from the cities of the east, but it's got everything you want and it's cleaner, too."

Ask Susan what she wants to do in life and she answers firmly: "You know, I've thought about it and I have absolutely no idea what I want to do. But don't dare write me off as some kind of silly hippie. I may have no sense of direction when it comes to a career but I'm very disciplined in everyday life."

She is too. The green-eyed beauty with the sexy tangle of dark brown curls works out on weights daily and sticks to a strict diet. "White meat only," she says, "though I have one major vice — McDonald's filet o' fish. Take me to McDonald's and I'm yours."

Still only 20, Susan Dean may not have decided precisely where she's going yet but she's having a lot of fun getting there.

"I like good-looking men, I have to admit, although I've gone out with a few good-looking guys and as soon as they open their mouths, forget it. In a relationship I like to feel dominated, I like the man to be strong . . . but gentle. It makes me feel more feminine. I hate it when men pester me. I stopped wearing mini-skirts because it attracted the wrong type. Now I wear old clothes, sloppy gear and jeans and when they get to know me, it's through my personality first. Communication between people is everything. Communication first, then the love will come."

"I think sex is a very good form of physical exercise. I enjoy sex but I can't pick up any man and have sex with him — I'm not made like that. I have to feel comfortable first. I don't consider myself particularly sexy, it's something I have to warm to over a period of time with a man. Then when I'm ready, it's really special . . . the ultimate form of communication."

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Susan Dean

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Susan Dean

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5.5 WEIGHT: 51kg SIGN: Virgo

BIRTH DATE: 7/9/63 BIRTHPLACE: Lithgow.

AMBITIONS: To be successful at whatever I decide to pursue.

TURN-ONS: Honesty, fresh fruit + Veg's, the ocean, being with good friends, autumn.

TURN-OFFS: Greasy food, pork, selfish people, litchiness + savage dogs.

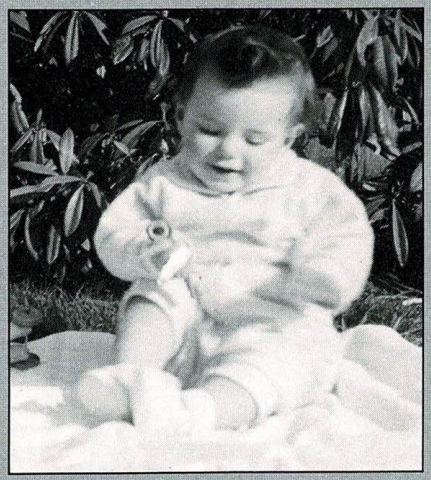
FAVORITE BOOKS: Till we have faces, Lord of the rings, Busy me in my boots

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Midnight Oil, The Beat, INXS Grace Jones, David Bowie

FAVORITE SPORTS: Weight lifting, tennis + skating

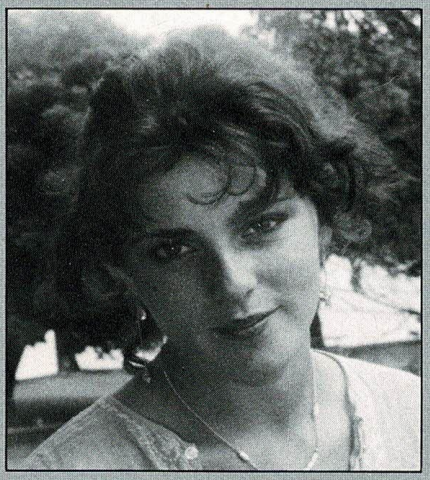
IDEAL MAN: Trusting, understanding, passive, artistic, energetic + sexually attractive

SECRET FANTASY: To live in a world where people are equal and love each other



Six months

13 - teens at last



17 and ready for anything

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After the attractive woman had seated herself in the consulting room, the psychiatrist asked, "What seems to be the problem?"

"Well," she replied, blushing demurely, "I think I may be a nymphomaniac."

"I'm sure I can help you," said the doctor, "but you must realise that my fee is $50 per hour."

"That's not too bad," she smiled. "But how much do you charge for all night?"

You know something?" giggled the girl as she slipped in next to a male friend at the bar. "I have an itchy pussy."

"That's really quite interesting, Diane," responded the man, "but I don't know a damn thing about those Japanese cars!"

Playing poker with busty Miss Ware,
He announced, as he folded with flair,
"I had four of a kind,
But those aces combined,
Don't stack up, I'm afraid, with your pair!"

Two members of the local mafia were having a drink at the local pub when a well-attended funeral passed by.

"Whose funeral is that?" queried one.

"Big Lou's moll," came the reply.

"How did she die?"

"Of herpes."

"Don't be stupid," protested the man. "Everyone knows you can't die of herpes."

"You can if you give it to Big Lou!" his friend laughed.

A little boy visiting a nudist camp with his parents expressed surprise at the varied sizes of the penises he saw so he asked his Dad why they were all different.

The father couldn't be bothered going into detailed explanations so he told his son that it was all related to intelligence. A man with a big penis was clever and someone with a small one was an idiot.

The boy appeared to be quite happy with this explanation and went off to play.

Later, the father came across the boy and asked him if he knew where his mother was.

"She's down in the woods, Dad," he replied, "and she's talking to an idiot but he's getting cleverer all the time."

Arm in arm with a delectable young blonde, the ageing man entered one of the finest jewellery stores in the city.

"You mean I can buy absolutely anything in the shop?" she squealed delightedly.

"Anything your pretty little heart desires," he replied, winking at the sales assistant.

The girl chose a pair of enormous ruby and diamond earrings. The assistant wrapped up the purchase and the man inquired if he could pay by cheque.

"Of course, sir," came the reply, "but as the banks are already shut, we will hold your purchase here until we've cashed your cheque in the morning."

The next day, the man went back to the shop and the rather embarrassed sales assistant told him that his cheque had not been honored at the bank.

"Oh, I know that!" he grinned. "I just wanted to thank you for one of the best nights of my whole life!"

A widower is planning to remarry on the same day as his 21-year-old son's wedding. He boasts to the lad that although young men may think they're real studs, he's sure that he has more virility and staying power.

The son scoffs at this but, as the two couples are spending their honeymoons at the same resort, he agrees to compare notes with his father on the morning after the wedding night.

The young couple make love once, the lad makes one mark on the wall and they settle down to sleep. They wake at midnight, repeat the performance and the husband draws a second stroke. Again at dawn they make love and a third stroke is chalked up.

About 9am, the father enters their room and cries out in disappointment, "Oh, no, a hundred and eleven! You beat me by one!"

Though sport a la Portnoy was banned,
The boys at the school thought it grand.
When asked if they tried
To abstain, they replied,
"It's a problem we've got well in hand."

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"I suddenly don't give a damn if Friday never comes!"

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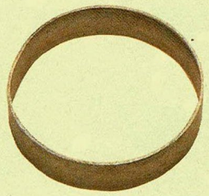

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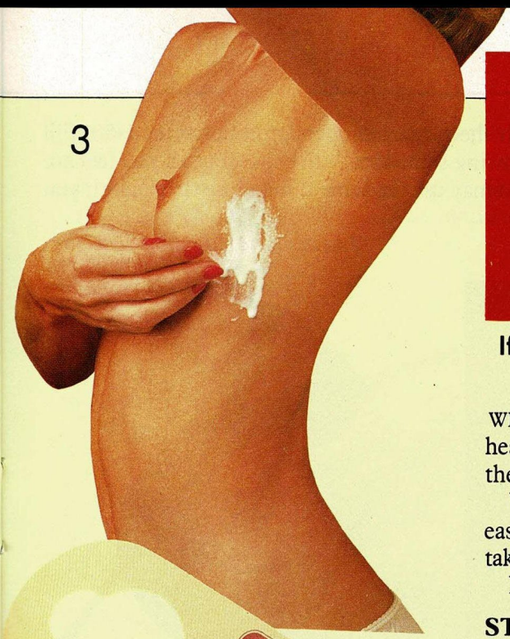

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HOW SEXY ARE YOU?

If you think you're hot stuff, take our quiz and find out just how sizzling you really are.

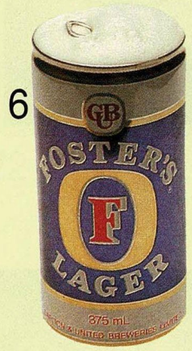
WE'VE ALL done it at least once. We know we shouldn't. It costs us heaps in pride and self-confidence but we have to know the answer to the one question we should never ask a woman: Did you come?

Well now there's a better way to find out how sexy you are. An easier way, a funnier way, to assess your bedroom performance. Just take our quiz, add up your score and you will know your sex IQ.

Now, the only sex aids you'll need are pen and paper.

STAGE ONE: Look at these two pages of photographs for 45 seconds, then close the magazine. Write down a list of the first five images which spring to mind as soon as you've closed the pages. Repeat this process for the following two layouts. You should then have a list of 15 different objects or images.

Compiled by **ALICIA LARRIERA**



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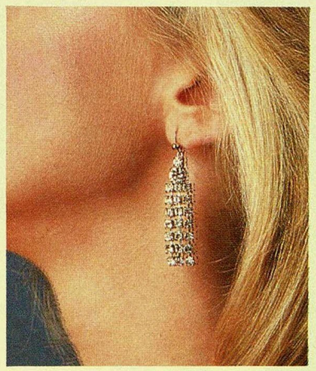

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STAGE TWO: With the magazine open, study pictures 1-50. Fill the spaces in the following sentences with those images you feel are most appropriate. You may use the same thing more than once if you wish.

The nurse lifted her uniform and slowly put ..... inside her knickers. Softly she kissed ..... while grabbing .....with her hands. She took the..... ..... and .....and rubbed them in gently. Suddenly the doctor appeared.

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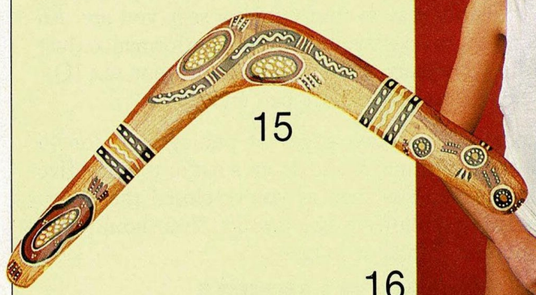
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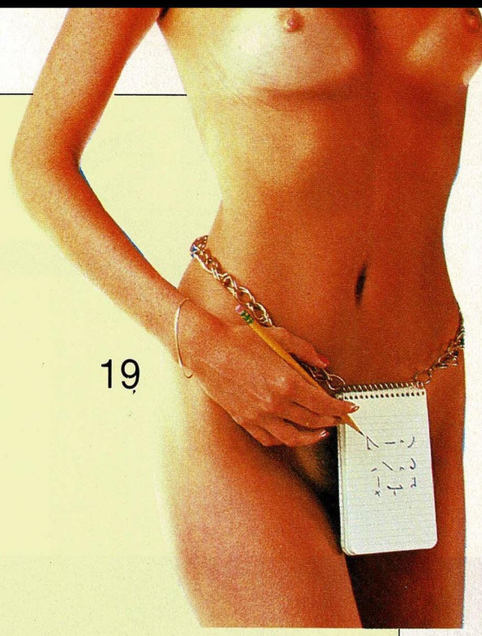
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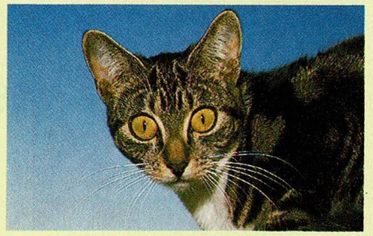
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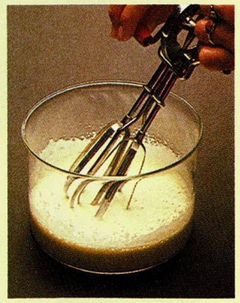
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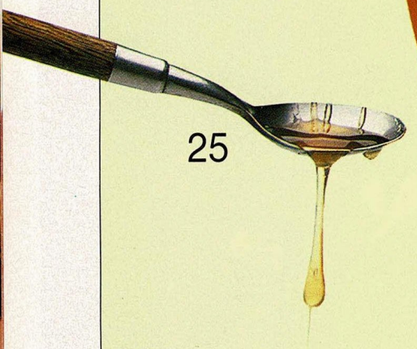
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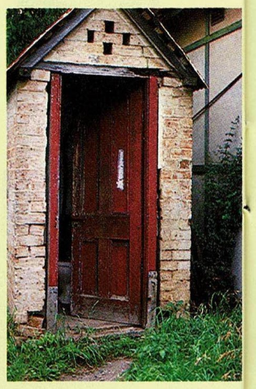
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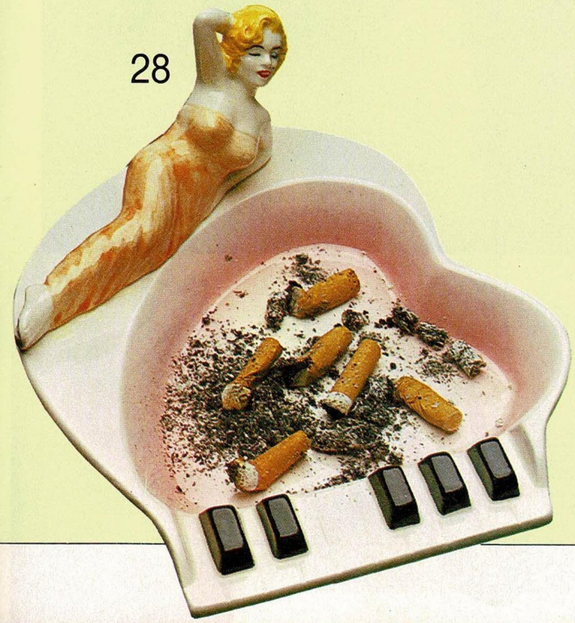
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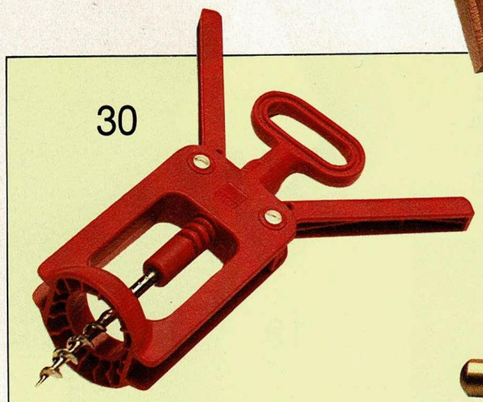

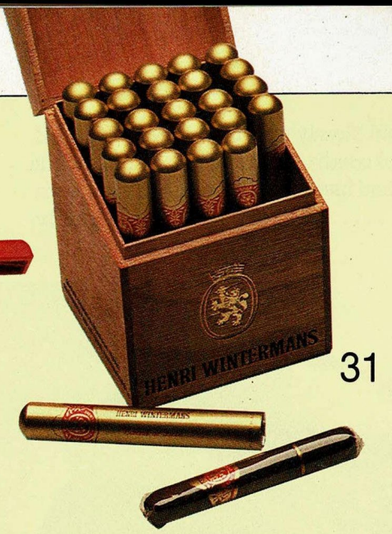

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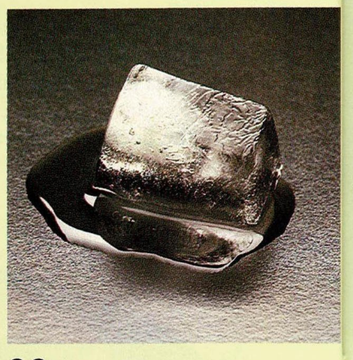

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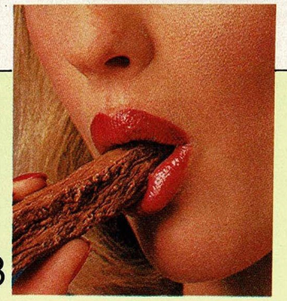

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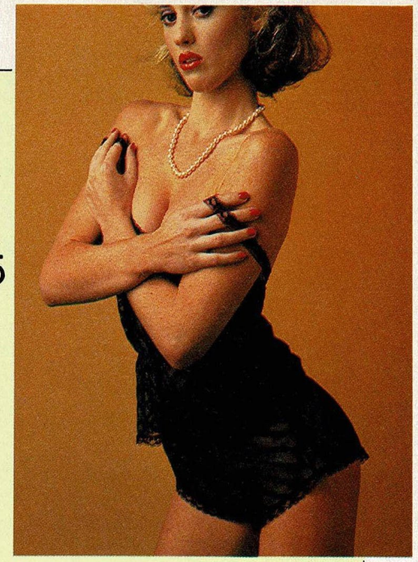

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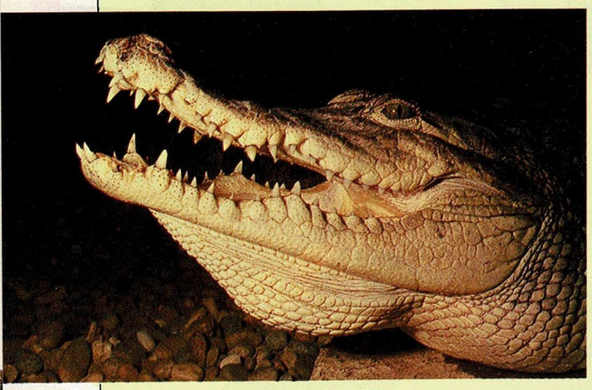
STAGE THREE: Scan the pictures again, then list the five objects or images which best fit in with your fantasies.

STAGE FOUR: Which photos turn you off the most? List the five objects or images which you find most offensive.

STAGE FIVE: Some of the objects or images may hold no sexual connotation for you whatsoever. Write down five.

(answers on page 136)



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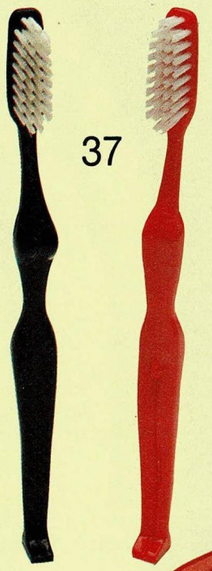

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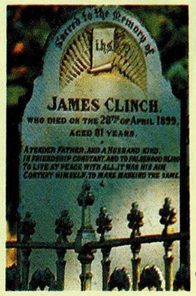

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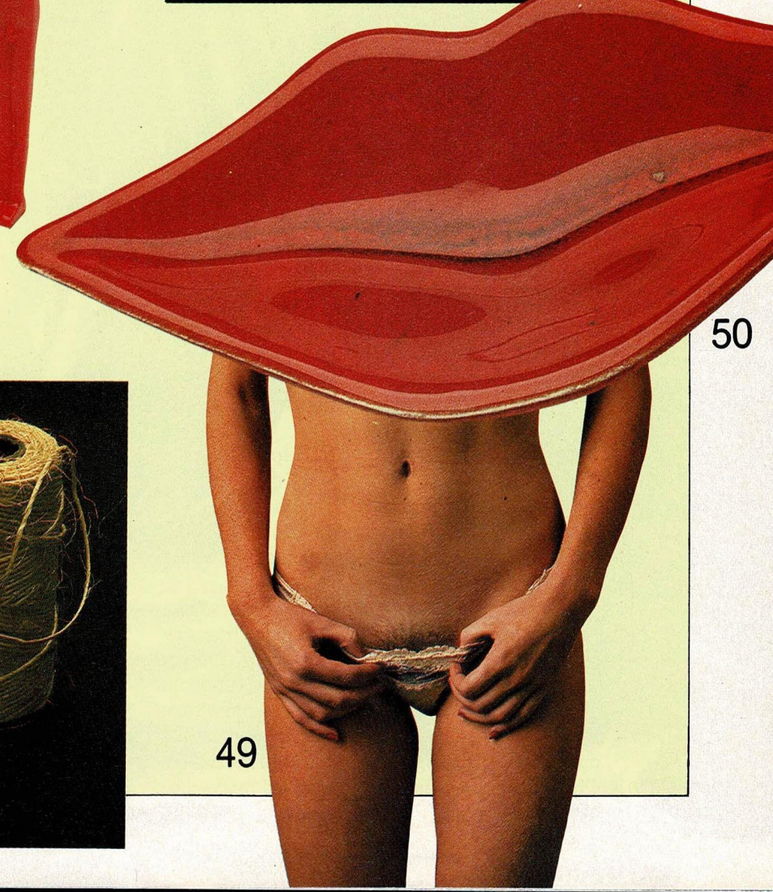

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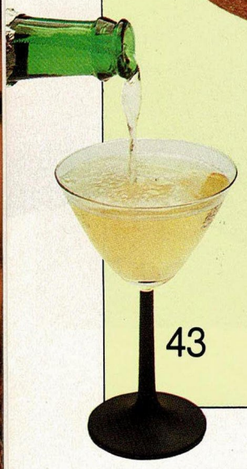

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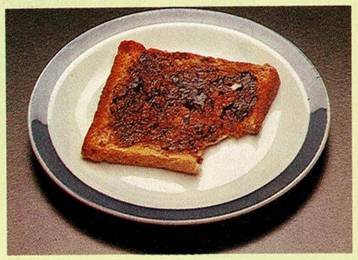

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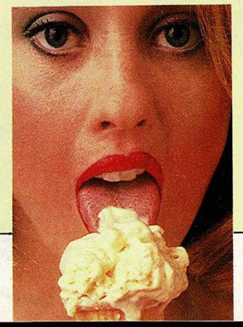

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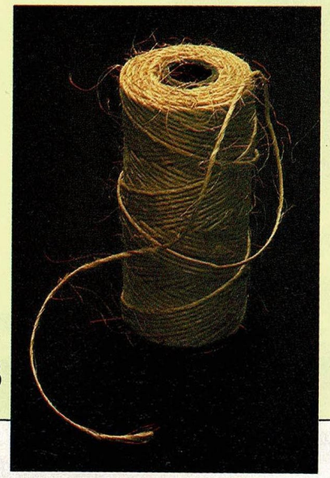

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ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

HAPPY HOOKERS

Sportfishing goes high tech, and you don't have to be a millionaire to get the big ones.

Article by
WARREN STEPTOE

"RIGHTO, I'M RUNNING up on him, keep the pressure on and bloody wind!" Behind us the big V4 outboard's muted rumble harshened as I pushed the control lever forward.

"I'm not gaining," Wayne yelled back.

"All right then, we'll run parallel and get the pressure on the side." Fifteen metres away the sailfish didn't like the change of direction.

"Comin' up!" A thin, rapierlike bill spiked the surface, pushed by a long, bronzed body, deeply veed tail finally kicking free, slashing foaming white patterns across the cobalt blue.

"That was a tired one!"

"Yeh, what's he doing now?"

"Nuthin', just cruising along."

"Let's have another go then." Again the revs increased, the prop wash bubbling as we moved off along the line.

"There he is, nice one, about 40 kilos."

As we came alongside I locked the wheel over, Wayne cranking furiously to keep the line tight. Panicked by the proximity of the boat, the sailfish raised its dorsal "sail", spread its pectoral fins and veered toward us, passing under a rear corner and putting Wayne into contortions as he tried to keep the line clear.

Behind us it poked its head out, spindly bill thrashing wildly, gill covers flashing chrome in the sunlight, the beautiful, high, blue-spotted dorsal flapping.

"Backing down!" I slammed the control into reverse, hard. We shot backwards, the floor vibrating underfoot, water slopping over the engine well, filling it and frothing back overboard.

"That'll do, we're gonna get a shot," Wayne screamed. I clunked the control back into neutral and grabbed the tag pole. The sailfish lay just under the surface and just out of reach, tail beating slowly. Wayne pulled the rod butt out of his belt and held it out to the side, angling the fish's head toward us. I leaned out straining, thighs pressed hard against the gunwale. One big, blue and black eye swivelled to watch as the yellow tag jabbed home.

"Tagged, now can I shoot some pics?"

"You can do what you bloody well like, the points are on the board."

"The hook's in the side of his mouth. You want to try and get it out?"

"Why not? He's pretty quiet." Wayne pulled on a pair of gloves, grabbed the heavy nylon leader, dropped the rod and hand-over-handed until he could reach the bill with one hand, then two, lifting the head out of the water. The sailfish responded by wriggling violently, alternately shoving Wayne inboard and then crushing him against the gunwale.

"I can't hold him with one hand. Get the hook, will you?"

Reaching down, I freed the hook, looking square into that big, blue and black eye while I did so. I couldn't resist giving the sailfish a quick farewell pat on the head.

●

There was a time when the image of a fisherman was a weatherbeaten old character hunched in a battered rowboat waiting for the slender strand of line to come to life with indications of a "bite". But in fishing, as much as in anything else, times have changed. Sure, our old mate is still with us, although these days a fisherman is likely to be a different type of bloke altogether. The battered sou'wester has given way to an eyeshade pulled low over

polarising sunglasses. The old timber rowboat has become a planing hull carrying an array of space-age equipment and silicon-chip technology and pushed by enough horses to literally wash old timber rowboats up on to the bank.

Both fellows, however, have a common bond. Each knows that once they've "gone fishing" the pressures of the world comfortably can be placed in the pending file and the inner recesses switched to rapid-charge mode by things as simple as watching the play of sunlight on water. The differences lie in approach and equipment. Today's fisherman has become known as a sportfisherman. He sees fishing as a spectacular, healthy outdoor sport. His philosophy is to give the fish a realistic opportunity of breaking free, as opposed to yesterday's ideal, where the primary concern was food on the table and fish were given as little chance as possible of escaping. The concept of fishing for fun probably goes back to when primeval man first realised hunting for food was an enjoyable pastime, and it doesn't preclude fishing for food. In fact many fish taken by sportfishermen are eaten.

A habit which is fundamentally new, however, is one of releasing fish after capture, often wearing a numbered tag to aid fisheries research. An increasing number of sportfishermen either release all the fish they now catch, or take just enough to fill immediate needs, then release the rest.

For the uninitiated, it may be difficult to envisage how a fish can be given a realistic opportunity to escape, but sportfishermen use line of comparatively low breaking strain in relation to a fish's weight. Exactly how big a fish can be captured on how low a breaking strain line also is governed by the habits and habitat of the fish involved. On open water, a ratio of fish weight 10 times greater than line-breaking strain is no longer remarkable, but in rough country, where fallen timber creates snagpiles, for instance, or around reef systems, quite a few species easily turn the reverse ratio to their advantage, even when pitted against the space-age technology that has made its mark in modern sportfishing tackle.

Graphite, a material developed for use in fighter aircraft as a lighter, stronger substitute for metal and glass fibre, was first used in fishing rods and has since become commonplace in the more advanced lightweight reels.

Baitcasters, the small reels used on pistol-grip rods for casting where accurate placement is required, have led the way. Once the Swedish manufacturer ABU made the best baitcasters and everyone else followed, but now, however, Japanese tackle companies like Shakespeare, Daiwa and Shimano vie for the market in a high-tech battle of innovation. Current leader is Shimano with a reel featuring the (now) usual magnetic anti-backlash control, graphite components and, for the first time, titanium washers used in a drag system. ABU recently released new models set to beat the Asians at their own game, but it's unlikely that ABU will ever regain its position of market dominance.

Larger versions of the baitcasters, commonly known as jig sticks, are among the most versatile of outfits, suitable for everything from bottom fishing to gamefishing. High-tech innovations from their little brothers have found their way into this range of reels and it's hardly surprising that the top baitcaster manufacturers compete here as well. Reels used for straight gamefishing should feature a lever drag to allow predetermined adjustment of drag settings while fighting fish that use up a lot of line. American Penn International reels have become the standard by which others are judged in all gamefishing line classes from 4kg to 60kg. Fin Nor reels are argued to be better by some gamefishermen and, although a bit difficult to procure at times, are usually available from Compleat Angler stores or from Jack Erskine at Bransfords Tackle Shop in Cairns. Value for money in light-tackle gamefishing comes from two models of South African-manufactured Policansky reels suitable for the 4kg to 15kg line classes.

Spinning reels (threadlines or egg-beaters) were once considered to be "mugs' gear" — a put-down earned by cheaper reels aimed at a "mugs" market. Smaller models (up to 4kg line) have now followed the high-tech surge generated by Japanese baitcaster development, and the performance level of small spinning reels leaves nothing to be desired, particularly when casting *ease* is paramount over casting *accuracy*. Ease of casting has led to the use of big spinning reels in tournament billfishing (where light baits needed to be cast to sailfish seen feeding on the surface) and by many sportfishermen seeking mackerel, trevally and tuna surface-feeding on tiny baitfish (thus requiring the casting of small, light lures). Penn's 650, 750 and 850 SS Spinfisher models show the way here, their solid, as opposed to high-tech, engineering apparently able to better withstand high stresses. Some gamefish exceed 70km/h through the water and keeping smooth, even resistance against such speed is critical if the line isn't to pop. Also, tackle needs thorough, conscientious servicing and regular tuning to maintain its peak.

Rods need less maintenance than reels. Even the most sophisticated of them only need washing off with fresh water and a wipe-over with a clean cloth. Very few really keen sportfishermen buy factory-built rods despite an excellent and extensive range available from manufacturers such as Daiwa, Shakespeare and Fenwick. Most buy a blank, usually graphite, boron or a composite of these and fibreglass, and either make the rod up themselves or have it custom built to exacting specifications. Big tackleoreums always have a pet custom-rod builder. Tim Simpson and Ian Miller work in Sydney for The Compleat Angler tacklestore, while Trevor Saunders builds rods for Mossop's Tackle Shop in Brisbane to a standard more worthy of hanging on the wall as a piece of art than taking fishing. But even Saunders bows to rods built by Jack Erskine in Cairns. Jack's rods are renowned world-wide for their standard of finish using sophisticated and secret binding techniques enabling virtually any image from clan tartan to a picture of the angler himself to appear on the rod.

When it comes to line sizes to use, there are several choices. For spinning and baitcasting outfits: ultra light 1-2kg; light 2-3kg; medium 3-4kg; and heavy 6-8kg. For a jig stick, a powerful fast taper rod with overhead reel, use 6-15kg line. With gamefishing tackle, go light up to 10kg, medium 10-24kg and heavy 24-60kg. Surf-fishing tackle includes light to 4kg, medium 4-8kg and heavy 8-15kg.

To set yourself up with a reasonable quality rod and reel, you're looking at an outlay of between $40 and $150 for a spinning outfit, $100-$400 for baitcasting and $70-$200 for surf fishing. A jig stick will cost between $100 and $400, while light gamefishing tackle can cost between $170 and $1000 and the heavy stuff can put you back between $700 and $4000.

Sportfishing boats are pretty much a matter of horses for courses. They can be anything from a canoe or aluminium dinghy to something like the latest addition to Brisbane's charter gamefishing fleet — a 20 metre Hatteras complete with air-conditioning. The centre-console configuration is justifiably popular due to its all-round accessibility and probably more sportfishing is done from four to six metre centre-console boats than any other type.

An ideal size for a couple of guys to get right into the inshore and offshore scene along the eastern seaboard is around 5.5 metres. The Gold Coast-built Yellowfin boats come close to the epitome of 5½ metre boats, with good sea-keeping abilities and a friendly layout for those crazy sessions when surface-feeding pelagic fish are chopping all around the boat. A boat like this together with engine, trailer and options ready to go to sea will cost around $17,000.

Sportfishermen living in high-rise without storage room for a boat, or those living hectic lifestyles, have a viable alternative to boat ownership in either hiring charter boats or going on packaged fishing tours. Both options also present an introduction to sportfishing using gear supplied by the charter boat or tour organiser.

Up north, Queensland Gamefish Charters (an association of charter gamefishing boats), 149 Wickham Terrace, Brisbane, Qld 4000, tel: (07) 221 9820, services in-season gamefishing in Queensland working both the big black marlin off Cairns and the red-hot light gamefishing grounds for sailfish in southern Queensland. In NSW, ID Sportfishing Tours, PO Box 1077 North Sydney, NSW 2060, tel: (02) 922 7755, uses various venues including Lord Howe Island.

Victoria is not renowned for its gamefishing, although tuna are found in the far east and far west of the state. Port Phillip is good in the spring for snapper, whiting and flathead, while the Gippsland Lake district also provides black bream. Michael Sutton, 18 Broadway, Belgrave, Vic 3160, tel: (03) 754 5535, charters a 12 metre ex-naval vessel in the Gippsland Lake area and goes after bream, flathead and most varieties of surf fish. Minimum number of people is 15 and all-inclusive costs are $55 per head per day for weekend charter and $140 per head for a five-day cruise.

Bruce Whalan takes trout safaris into the Victorian countryside between October/November and late April for day and extended trips. He concentrates on fly fishing in streams and all-inclusive costs range from $135 per day for a single to $60 per head for a maximum of four. He also arranges flying trips to Khancoban in the Snowy Mountains.

South Australia's sportfishing is done mainly out of Kangaroo Island and also the Port Lincoln area. Big sharks are a specialty with some charters, but the Southern Ocean's range includes big snapper, stingrays, mackerel, King George whiting and tommy ruffs. Prices vary according to desires and boats range from Bill Zealand's 16m *Temptation*, out of Kangaroo Island, used by Ron and Val Taylor, as well as *Jaws* author Peter Benchley; for you, $500 per day if you're after sharks. Not bad if all 12 berths are full.

At the other end of the scale, West Coast Boat Charter operates a 5½ metre boat out of the Eyre Peninsula for a maximum of four people. They go after the smaller fish and the cost is $70 per day including gear and bait. For full information on this area, contact the SA Government Travel Centre in your state.

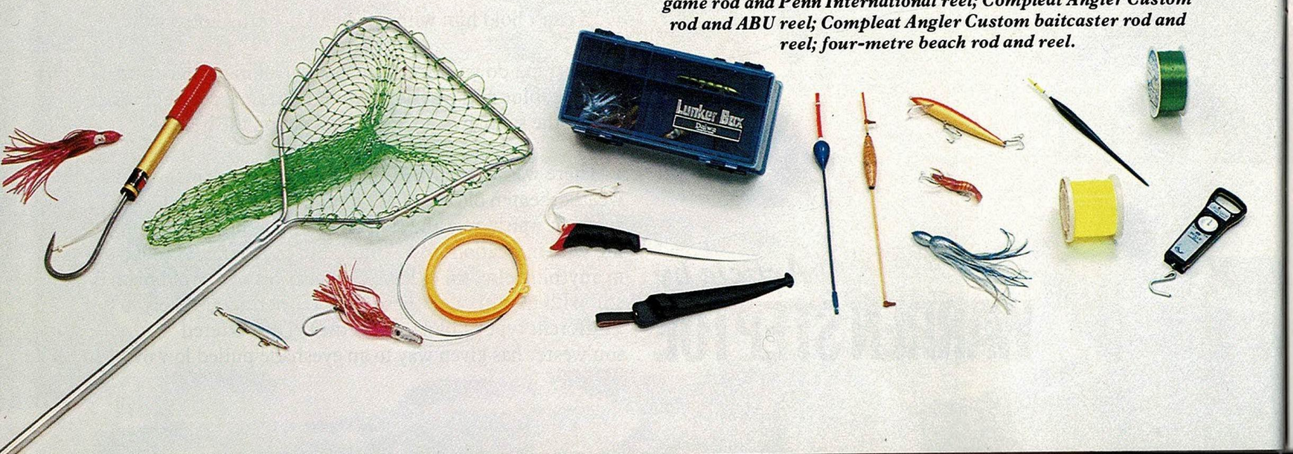
The Northern Territory is famous for its barramundi, and there are several fishing trips to the Top End packaged by Finz, PO Box 1105, Woden, ACT 2606, Tel: (062) 88 6554. Trips range from camping by billabongs near Kakadu National Park, using air-conditioned 4WD vehicles and small boats, to a comfortable safari camp on the Mary River aimed at providing creature comforts in the wilderness. The latest hot spot is Garden Point on Melville Island, which lays claim to excellent light-tackle sportfishing with fish that range from barra to giant jewfish and many species of reef fish such as coral trout.

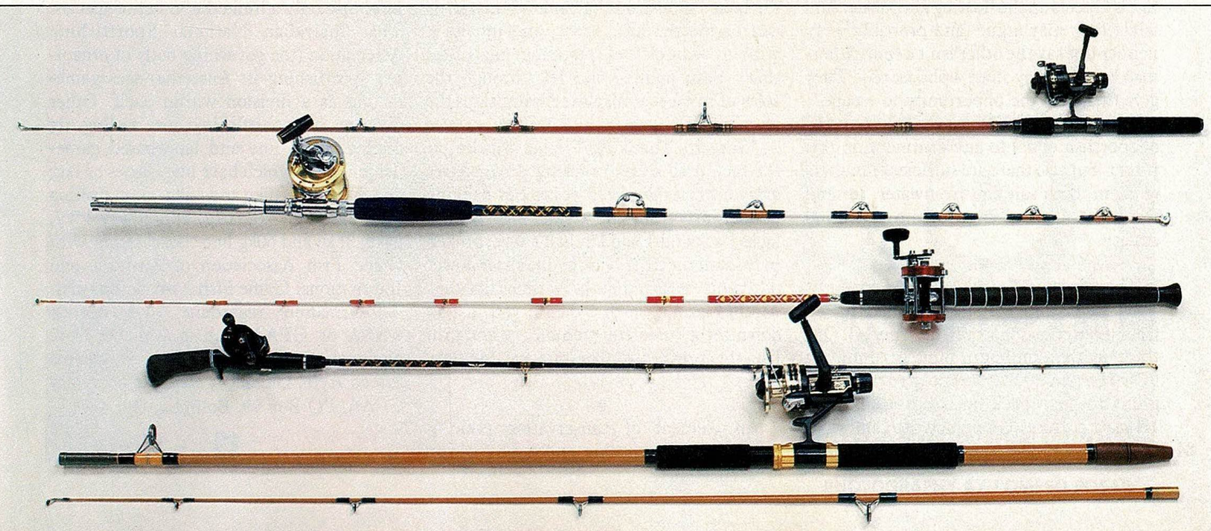
In Western Australia the best sportfishing is north of Perth, and there are a couple of operators running between Geraldton and Broome. Between March and June, Geraldton is the base, while Broome is the centre between July and September. Horizon Sea Tours, 15 Munt St, Bayswater, WA, Tel: (09) 271 0777 operates an 18 metre boat that costs $267 per head all inclusive for three days, while the smaller boat is 12 metres, costs $1690 for three days, and accommodates eight to 10 people with their own supplies.

Out of Geraldton they go after fish such as snapper and jewfish, while out of Broome catches include deep-sea pelagics such as wahoo and sailfish.

The home of gamefishing in WA is Exmouth and George King's 15 metre charter boat, *The Gun*, concentrates on the big ones between October and February, as well as general sportfishing all the year round. He also operates out of Geraldton between February and May. Costs are around $60 per head per day for all fishing needs. Write to The Gun Charter, PO Box 249, Exmouth, WA 6707. Tel (099) 49 1094.

Tasmania's sportfishing is split between saltwater charters going after tuna, either out of Eaglehawk Neck in the south-east and St Helens in the east, and troutfishing in the central lakes and inland rivers. Brown





Fishing gear for the '80s. Left: Collection of accessories including a knife, gaff, tackle box, scale, net, float and lures. Right (top to bottom): Daiwa rod and Shimano reel; Compleat Angler Custom game rod and Penn International reel; Compleat Angler Custom rod and ABU reel; Compleat Angler Custom baitcaster rod and reel; four-metre beach rod and reel.

SPORTFISHING'S ALL-STAR CAST

Australian salmon — southern beaches; long light surf rod and light-medium spinning or baitcasting reel.
Barramundi — northern estuaries, rivers and floodplain lagoon systems; medium-heavy baitcasting outfit.
Black marlin — offshore right around northern coastline, extend south down both coasts in warm currents; tackle depends on size of fish in area fished; gamefishing tackle.
Cobia — also called black kingfish; as for marlin, only also found closer inshore; tackle from heavy spin outfit to jig stick to gamefishing tackle.
Mackerel spanish — distribution as for cobia; jig stick to light gamefishing tackle.
Mulloway — estuaries, surf and inshore right around the coast; heavy surf-fishing tackle or jig stick offshore.
Queenfish — tropical estuaries and inshore; medium-heavy spinning outfit.
Sailfish — Brisbane, Whitsundays, Dunk Island, Dampier (WA) and Exmouth (WA); heavy spinning outfit to light gamefishing tackle.
Silver perch — inland freshwater; ultra-light baitcaster or spinning outfit.
Sooty grunter — northern freshwater; ultra-light to light baitcaster or spinning outfit.
Tailor — surf along east and west coasts as far north as Fraser Island and Carnarvon (WA); medium surf outfit.
Trout — high country and southern freshwater; ultra-light spinning or fly rod.
Tuna — Southern bluefin — southern offshore and Tassie; tackle depends on size of fish present; baitcasters to medium gamefishing tackle.
Wahoo — distribution as for marlin; fastest thing on fins; light gamefishing tackle.
Yellowtail kingfish — southern inshore waters to Heron Island; tackle depends on size of fish; light spinning to medium gamefishing tackle.

trout season is between August and April and rainbow trout season is from November to May, and there are five respected guides who operate right around the state. Their daily rates range from a minimum of $95 per person all inclusive for a group of five, to $165 for a single. For more luxury, a private fishery with accommodation and all comforts is provided by Jason Garrett at London Lakes in the central highlands area. For the more mobile guides, contact (003) 97 6272, otherwise your local Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau.

The beauty of sportfishing is that it doesn't take a half-million-dollar boat to participate, and an astute choice of tackle allows virtually any fish to be a sportfish. Thus, capturing a big bream with a one kilo line from an oyster-encrusted breakwall presents a comparable challenge to capturing a billfish on 60 kilo line from a half-million-dollar boat. In sportfishing you don't *have* to be a millionaire. The apprentice wearing battered joggers on the breakwall is just as involved (although perhaps not as comfortable) as his employer in his Guccis on the floating gin palace. And while they may argue (and probably will), neither can say the other isn't a sportfisherman because they share a philosophy. They give their fish the opportunity to escape.

Australians are fortunate to have an array of sportfish equal to any continent on this planet, but also there are sufficient numbers of them, both salt and freshwater, to send seasoned overseas anglers into salivating ecstasy.

●

The place is the Northern Territory's Daly River and it's still high and turbid from the wet season's tail-end run-off. Our three metre aluminium punt is running a 9½-horsepower outboard to give it enough grunt to push back upstream against the 10km/h current. Going downstream we're covering ground at around 55km/h. From a small creek draining floodplains into the main river, muddy water spews forth. Where the water mixes, mullet can be seen flicking about gulping suspended sediment. One mullet patrols six metres from the boat, mouth and gills pulsing as it feeds. . . then there's a bronzed flash, a big, yellowish paddle tail-kicks spray and leaves a swirling boil two metres across punctuated by a loud burst-paper-bag "pop". Chris glances my way with raised eyebrows. . . "I think the lads are on the job!"

It only takes a few casts and we're hooked up; sometimes two rods at a time arced over, reels buzzing, unloading nylon to great silver fish dancing on their tails across the brown water, mouths gaping open, gills flared wide, rattling with violent head-shaking which regularly succeeds in dislodging the lures, sending them whistling away.

Then it happens. I've been working my lure with a slow, irregular retrieve and as I bring it up to the boat I watch to ensure my presentation is at least a facsimile of the feeding mullet. No more than a metre from the boat a monstrous barramundi materialises beside the lure, turns, and inhales it with a "whunk" of pumping gill plates that's both audible and felt through the soles of my feet as displaced water slaps the aluminium.

"Sheeeit! That's *big!*" Line trickles off the reel, drag merely clicking. Five metres away a horse-like head pokes out banging ponderously from side to side. Then my rod kicks back and I wind in half a lure; broken in front of the front hook by the sheer power of the big barra's mouth. At times like this, Minties aren't worth a damn; you just sit down for a while and tremble. . . and grin like the proverbial Cheshire cat for days after!

●

An element of conservation ethic is inherent in sportfishing philosophy, especially in times when many fish species are threatened by habitat disturbance and by pressure from both recreational and professional fishing. Any thinking person must conclude that fish stocks are finite, and that fishing in effect undermines the very source of the sport, but many sportfishermen are now committed to tagging, breeding and restocking programs, as well as involvement in water-monitoring stream studies. That such activities are also good, plain fun is incidental.

In Victoria one bunch has organised a breeding and restocking project that beats all. The fishes of Australia's great inland rivers have been among the hardest hit by habitat disturbance that was unavoidable. Ours is a dry continent, that needs water from the damming of inland rivers. But this has removed the stimuli triggering indigenous fishes to breed, resulting in rapidly declining fish stocks and, in practical terms for sportfishermen, no fish to catch. So the Victorians collected brood stock and are currently working on the breeding and restocking of silver perch, yellowbelly, murray cod, trout cod and macquarie perch. Not only have they got off their collective bums and done something far more positive than wave placards and sign petitions; while they were at it they came up with a way of reducing sewage treatment costs by using young fish known as fingerlings to remove phosphates from sewage ponds.

While this experience may not at first seem as glamorous as fishing for sailfish or barramundi, it does show that no matter where you live, some type of sportfishing is within easy reach. And there's every chance it will provide heaps of fun. The same goes for a one kilo bream under your nearby jetty to the 1000 kilo black marlin outside the Barrier Reef.

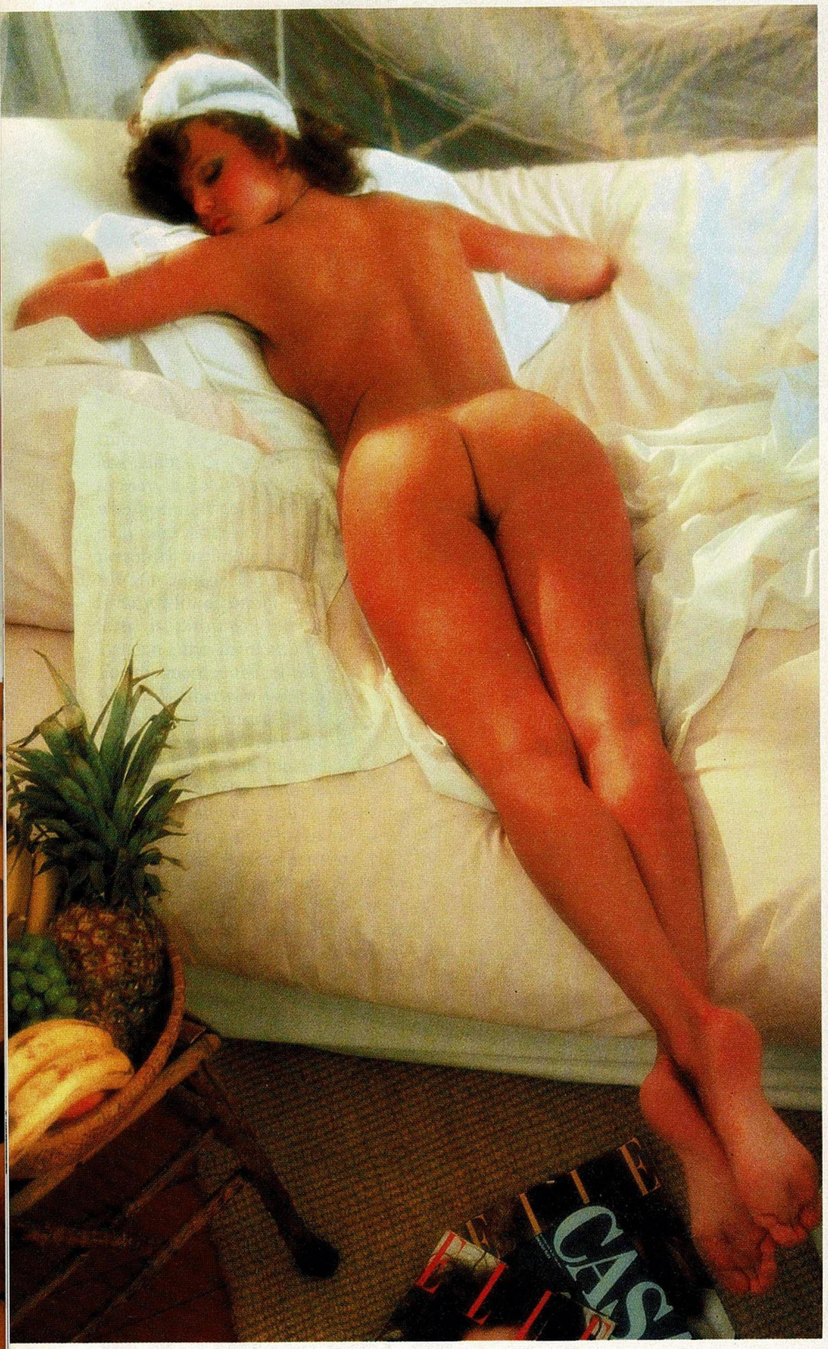
Sportfishing, it appears, has come of age. Not only is it there for the taking, it has truly become a sporting matter of give and take.

●

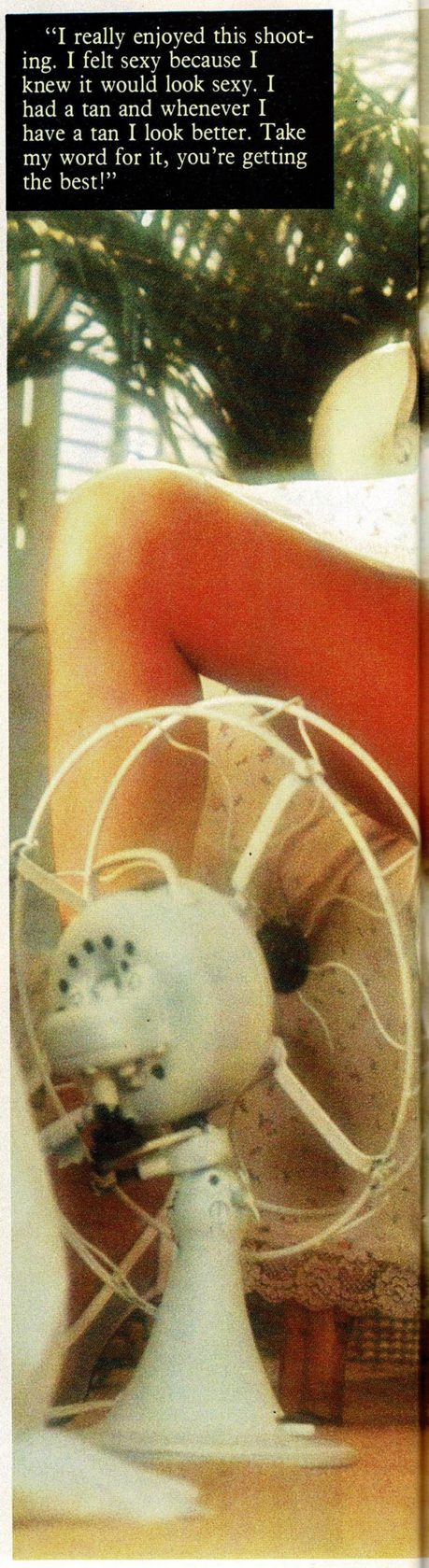
Gamefishing doesn't differ at all from sportfishing except that the rules applied to organised gamefishing (as administered by the International Game Fish Association) recognise only a limited number of species. The Australian National Sportfishing Association (the governing body of organised sportfishing in Australia) sees gamefishing as a division within itself. Other divisions are sportfishing, lure casting, fly casting, hand line and land-based gamefishing, all of which have line classes of 1kg, 2kg, 3kg, 6kg, 10kg and 15kg. Gamefishing has 1kg, 2kg, 4kg, 6kg, 8kg, 10kg, 15kg, 24kg, 36kg and 60kg line classes in line with Game Fish Association of Australia and International Game Fish Association rules.

Information regarding your nearest ANSA or GFAA club is available from National Secretary, ANSA, 9 Dennis Street, Ayre, Qld 4807; National Secretary GFAA, PO Box 99, Bulimba, Qld 4171.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



"I really enjoyed this shooting. I felt sexy because I knew it would look sexy. I had a tan and whenever I have a tan I look better. Take my word for it, you're getting the best!"



A holiday in the tropics does something for a girl. It gets her used to going without clothes. Sexy Suzi Schott says there is nothing so sensual as a tropical beach, nude sunbathing, skinny-dipping in a lagoon ... and someone to share it with.

"I don't flirt in bed or act as silly as I have in some of these shots. For one thing I don't hide behind the sheets when my boyfriend is in the room. But we *do* have our games ..."

In the future you will pay to keep time on your side.

THE TIME EXCHANGE

Fiction by

DAMON KNIGHT

SHE WAS HALF his age, a cool young woman whose green eyes he could not read. He had never known anyone remotely like her.

His name was Bryce Cromartin — Bryce Cromartin III, in fact, although he had dropped the Roman numeral as too ostentatious years ago. He had a house in Vaucluse, an apartment in Noosa and a town house in Melbourne. Her name was Vicki Mahoney; they had met in his lawyer's office, where she was a typist.

She would never allow him to take her home; she said she lived with her invalid mother. They met once a week, on Fridays, for an hour: it was the only time she could get away, she said. He gave her little presents, nothing in bad taste — a slim gold chain with a ruby, a diamond clip. Then somewhat larger presents, but she refused to meet him more often.

In his usual foursome on Wednesday, Jack and Larry were talking about a new place called The Time Exchange. "It seems they can really make the time go by faster or slower," said Jack. "Ed Vandermeer told me he tried it for a dentist's appointment. A root canal. He said it was all over before he knew it."

"But can they really give you *more* time?" Cromartin asked.

"Yes, they bottle it somehow."

The image that rose up in Cromartin's mind was that of Vicki, sprawled in delicious abandon. He looked up the place in the phone book and went there the next day.

The Time Exchange was in a seedy part of town, but the establishment itself looked modern and new. Around the corner, at another entrance, a line of derelicts stood waiting.

Inside, it was like a doctor's office — potted shrubs in rustic boxes, chrome and brass. A young man came forward alertly. "May I help you?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure. Those men I saw around the corner — are they —?"

They were time donors, the young man said, but *that* was not for Mr Cromartin. The best plan for him, he thought, would be the deposit and withdrawal system: Mr Cromartin would deposit unwanted time by means of a little canister taped behind his ear, which he would bring back to The Time Exchange for processing; then, when he wanted time, he could withdraw it from his own account.

"No — well, perhaps later — but I was thinking of, ah, a little trip tomorrow."

In that case, said the young man, with an understanding smile, the Exchange had certain clients, perfectly respectable people, who left time on deposit for sale to others, and this time, which was of the highest quality, could be purchased at a very reasonable rate.

He spread out a schedule for Mr Cromartin's inspection. The fees were graduated according to a factor system which Mr Cromartin at first found confusing.

"Then you mean," he said, "that if I spend an hour somewhere, and the factor is five, it will actually seem like *five* hours?"

Exactly so, said the young man. The fee was a little stiff, as a matter of fact, but Mr Cromartin paid it. Thereupon a smiling young woman in a nurse's uniform took him into a back room, showed him how to attach the gleaming little canister behind his ear, and how to work the little slide that turned it on. Another employee wrapped the canister for him, and the young man bowed him out.

All day Friday, Cromartin was in a sweat of anticipation. Evening came at last; he picked Vicki up at the usual place and drove her to his Vaucluse home. While she undressed, Cromartin went into the bathroom with the canister. He attached it behind his ear, as he had been instructed, and carefully pressed the slide to the "on" position before he brushed his hair over it.

Vicki was lying on the black satin sheet, arms and legs spread, looking at him with her green eyes in the dimness as he approached. And it was just as the young man had promised: his delight went *on* and *on*, and when her body convulsed, the waves of pleasure rippled through him as if they would never stop.

Afterward, as they lay together, he ran his fingertips up the side of her neck, then behind her ear, and his heart swelled with sudden joy when he encountered a little canister there. What sacrifices she must have made, to buy this time with him!

Cromartin put his trousers on. Vicki, on the edge of the bed, yawned delicately as she picked up her watch. "Is it nine o'clock *already?*" she asked. "How time flies."

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LOEW

 (continued from page 56)

No man can come home and say, "Hello, darling, I just bought a yacht," and expect a casual reaction.

feel that her contribution entitles her to disposition of the entire pot. Each economic decision brings up the issue: "Whose money is this, anyhow?"

15

When money is separate, objects are usually separate. Then the fights are about who actually owns what. If she put 60 percent of the money down on the chair, does she own the chair or just the legs? The couple who mentally put tags on everything in the house sometimes have a problem with recall. Keeping fastidious records doesn't always alleviate disagreements.

16

Even if items and money are kept separate, partners still have strong feelings about how money *ought* to be spent. Certain spending habits are considered morally offensive. Having a monetary morality different from your partner's (ie he buys $100 wines while she is waging the war on poverty) causes bitter fights even if money *isn't* co-mingled.

17

In the '80s, are women truly emancipated from housework or do they have to buy their way out? A man may insist that a woman use her money to pay for child care, house cleaning and dining out, because she's creating such expenses by not covering those activities herself. Some women accede to that philosophy, so happy are they not to be doing it themselves. Others pay but resent it. And some women pack their bags.

18

Strangely enough, the matter of having *enough* money is not the most serious area of disagreement. The man's ability to earn is so sensitive a topic that it doesn't come up until a blood fight is in process. Men receive questions about their earning power as a frontal assault on their manhood. It is much less likely to be hurled at women. If he is criticising the amount she makes it is probably to justify his right to get out of doing housework.

19

Of course, the only argument that's worse is the one based on how much the woman earns — *when she earns more than he does*. He gets competitive. He may criticise her promotion or suggest she's lucky she's in such an easy industry in which to succeed. Often he adds injury to insult when she confronts him on his behavior and he adamantly denies it. They get into a cycle of oblique and head-on collisions. This is one money issue that can't be left unrepaired or it will unravel the relationship.

20

Let's say both partners are working and earning good money, and each likes the idea that they are a dual career couple. Money becomes an issue when one or both partners push the other to get ahead, get a raise, get their due (and while they're at it, to bring home some more money to help support their over-extended lifestyle). Badgering will cause a battle.

21

No matter how much money the couple earns, there are some things that just aren't done. One is making a major purchase without consulting the other partner. No man can come home and say, "Hello, darling, I just bought a yacht," and expect a casual reaction.

22

How much to spend on a holiday is a common enough monetary matter — so common that many couples dread their annual discussion about it. If the trip is less (or more) luxurious than one or both partners feel comfortable with, trouble brews. Fights break out when the person who can afford to pay wants to call all the shots. They can also erupt when Bruce generously offers to subsidise the trip but his partner refuses to go unless she can pay her own way. If that means the holiday can't happen on schedule or at all, Bruce, who wants to go now and is willing to pay for it, gets annoyed.

23

Let's say that over the years the couple have worked out their general differences regarding money. Are they out of the woods? Not necessarily. They may get lucky by cleaning up in the stock market or winning a lottery or inheriting Aunty Flo's fortune. That gives them new options they hadn't anticipated.

24

Charity begins at home, but it may have moved out. The first question is: Should the money be given away at all? The second is: To whom? The third is: Does a partner have veto power on a specific charity? For example, "If you donate to the 'Kill More Whales' movement, I will divorce you." The fourth is: How *much*?

25

Two people often don't agree on what's a lot of money and what isn't. This is also complicated by different patterns of generosity. Some people like to make small gifts such as picking up a lunch tab. Others watch such things scrupulously. But the person who watches pennies at a restaurant may be very generous about serious issues such as donating to the Red Cross or sponsoring a child in the Third World. And the person who picks up the tab may find large donations horrifying. Two people who have no understanding of each other's monetary *style* are going to fight.

26

One person may feel that you have to be honest about your emotions, your hair color, your golf score — anything but your taxes. Another may feel that if the supermarket cashier gave you extra change, not reporting it should warrant a trip to Long Bay. Those two people should probably not be together. Doing their taxes jointly may help them to a new status — one that will allow them to file separately the next year.

27

Issues about security and retirement crop up among people over 40. Fighting about life insurance is one of the early disagreements. Some people think they will live to be 100, and they don't want the life insurance company to profit from their longevity. A wife or a non-working partner may not appreciate such optimism, since a wrong guess can be a financial disaster.

28

To some men, making out a will is like signing up for an aeroplane that is scheduled to crash. To the family that wishes to avoid a contest from a grasping relative, that attitude is not acceptable. The wife pushes and the husband accuses her of wishing him dead — which may not have been the way she felt at the beginning of the argument but is certainly the way she feels at the end.

29

Older couples have fights over *any* intimation of mortality. When a wife sees her 65-year-old husband take on a project that requires his attention for the next 15 years, she gets a little worried. He takes that as her betting on the wrong side of the issue.

30

Finally, there are little money "habits" that don't cause big fights but can drive partners crazy. Keeping a lot of money around the house just in case the banks fail; being afraid to carry cash and always borrowing from others; never asking for the bill — no single one of these behaviors is enough to cause a divorce. But if you find yourself with a money quirk, understand that it can cause more trouble than it's worth.

"No wonder you score so often!"

WAR *(continued from page 46)*

"Sex became so unnatural . . . he would want me to wee on him. A doctor told me that was common with vets."

the emphasis has always been on the vets — and Trevor Fear says my presence at the women's counselling session was a first in this country — the plight of vets' wives has been virtually unknown.

Like most of us they did not fight in Vietnam, yet they have fought the after-effects of the war, day and night, for longer than some of them could endure. They have withstood their husbands' rages and their attacks, soothed them through their nightmares and tolerated the sexual perversions of men whose emotional withdrawal is such that they can "make love" only to the sleeping forms of their wives.

THE WIVES

Eight women and a social worker, Jenny Roemermann, are sitting around a table in an office building in a leafy Brisbane suburb. It's a weekday morning and sunlight streams through a large window. The women, mostly in their thirties, have arrived with a remarkable array of food. They drink coffee and eat with enthusiasm; two infants play with blocks in a corner.

Of those present one woman is divorced (her ex-husband regularly threatens her life), another is widowed (her husband shot himself in the backyard in 1982), two are separated and the rest are struggling, they say, to keep their marriages intact. The women have agreed to my presence on the basis that their anonymity is protected. All names have been changed. What follows is an edited transcript of their discussion.

Liz (the widow) explains for my benefit how her husband shot himself with a high-powered rifle while she was taking the children to school. Three years earlier he had made a fire in the same garden and burnt $70,000 in notes — trust fund money that she and her husband were jointly administering on behalf of her brother.

LIZ: "Somewhere along the way my husband had a fight with my brother. He destroyed the money to get square. It took three years for him to appear in court charged with fraud. And one morning, before the case concluded, he killed himself. But the case isn't over because now *I'm* said to have the money. I know he burnt it because at the time I went down the back and there was this huge fire and he was standing there."

As joint trustee, Liz may now be legally responsible for the loss. She says it is all so confusing. She can't get any sense out of the solicitors. She says her husband was always grabbing guns and threatening to kill certain people involved in the trust fund debacle. "I'm angry that I'm stuck with all this! *He* should have sorted it all out. He was only thinking of himself when he shot himself, not me. I have to live with the mess. If he'd blown them all away and shot himself, well, I wouldn't have the mess."

FRAN (divorced): "We have two kids and I feel he's entitled to see them as much as possible — and they to see him. But he uses that to get to me. He makes threats. He says he won't hurt the kids but he'll kill me and kill himself unless I take him back."

An elegant brunette, Fran is trembling. The others say there was a period some months ago when the threats against her were so frequent they would greet her at each session with "Fran — you're still alive!"

FRAN: "I fear him. I fear violence very much. My mother was murdered when I was six and when I was 23 I was raped. When we were together he would say: 'How'd you like to end up like your mother?' Since we split up he has raped me. He uses these things all the time to make me scared."

She begins to cry and the social worker puts an arm around Fran's shoulders. Someone contributes that Fran hasn't been out with a man for 16 months because her ex-husband has vowed to kill anyone she sees.

LYN (still married): "Some vets are *dead* — really dead and rotten inside."

FRAN: "If my husband was like that he wouldn't care enough to do all this to me. We had some good times . . ." She trails off lamely. When Fran denies a suggestion that her husband was violent with her, the others hoot with laughter. Fran concedes: "He grabbed me around the throat a fair bit."

Dot is separated. She says her husband lives in a shack in the country with a much younger woman, four dobermans and a rifle.

DOT: "I drove past the place recently. It gave me the feeling that he's happy now because he's reverted to how he was living in Vietnam. Except for the lady who, would you believe, *owns* the rifle!"

We all laugh and the talk turns to knives and guns.

LYN: "My husband has a real fetish about firearms. He *adores* them! They are *the* thing in his life. Not people. He trusts weapons because, like all vets, that's what he's trained to trust."

The women agree that most of their men kept or keep guns in the house. Except Nancy, a pretty South Vietnamese who married an Australian soldier in Saigon and was forced to leave her three children from a previous marriage in Vietnam.

NANCY: "My man don't keep gun. He too frighten he shoot someone!"

Then they discuss their husbands' recurring nightmares.

LYN: "His body just jumps all night — the whole bed shakes and bucks — but that's mild compared to how it used to be, when he would try to choke me. I ask him what the dreams are about. He says abstract things.

"But I know it's killing — always violence and killing."

More than half the women say their children are frightened of their fathers — of the sudden rages and the lurking potential for violence.

DOT: "Once we were going to a cricket match. I said some wrong word and next thing he was choking me. We're on the floor and he's sitting on my chest really choking me . . . the kids were trying to pull him off. I almost blacked out. When he did get off, I took the kids down the street. He went out to the cricket as if nothing had happened."

MARGARET: "My husband is not violent. He just sits with this black cloud around him. I've got to do something! He just sits and glowers and doesn't respond in any way to any thing. If he was a boarder I'm sure he'd respond more to the kids and me —just as a person, you know? I have no friend, no lover — just this person who sits and sleeps. . ."

Two of the women say sex was never a problem in their marriages, but the rest felt lovemaking had become a mechanical act and, in some cases, something worse.

DOT: "In my case it reached the stage where he couldn't come face to face with me. He'd wait until I was asleep and then just finish off with me . . ."

MARGARET: "Oh *exactly*! Exactly!"

SOCIAL WORKER: "See the common themes coming out? Before this service began, most of the women were blaming *themselves* for these problems. They had no way of knowing how general it was."

DOT: "I've gone all goose bumpy — this gives me the bloody creeps. I *never* stirred. And it wasn't terribly unnatural, but it became so unnatural because it was the only way he could come to me sexually. Only when I was asleep.

"And. . . he would want me to wee on him. A doctor told me that was a common thing with vets."

Their voices surged up in a chorus of agreement.

MARGARET: "If ever I make any overtures it's just as if there's a dead body there. Yet these men go *out* for sex with people with whom they have absolutely no personal involvement."

I left the session stunned by the women's candor and by the blend of humor and horror it generated. One of them said toward the end:

"We see violence on TV and perhaps turn our heads away. But to walk into a room like my husband did, and shoot all the people who are sitting around just doing ordinary sorts of things — to see the blood flow and to smell it, you know, that's something else. I've just started to realise we'll never know what it's like. We'll never know what that did to them."

THE MEN

A few nights later, when the vets came to my home, they listened to a summary of what the women had told me.

The stereotyped way they responded would have made me suspect — but for what the women had confirmed — that they had boned up on PTSR symptoms for a clinical research paper. We can't show emotion, they said, because we're scared to. We withdrew, losing all trust in others, after seeing so many of our close mates blown to bits. Army training taught us that displays of emotion are a weakness. Hence we don't care about *anything*. Our children are scared of us. We want them to love us but we don't know how to win their trust. We're scared, sometimes, of what we might do and of who we might hurt.

And, of course, we thought we were fighting a real war. It turned out to be a police action and when we got home they called us murderers. We can't forget the horrors we saw or the atrocities we committed.

Steve, the Bronson lookalike, says he felt sorry for the Vietnamese kids until he learned what those little terrorists with concealed guns and grenades were capable of and then he decided they weren't kids at all but simply the enemy.

"I was down at the doctor's before coming here tonight," he tells us, "and there was a bloody noggin (Vietnamese) there with her kid playing on the floor. When I got up to get a book I made sure I trod on the kid's hand!"

It's no surprise to learn that Steve has problems with his own son, 15. "I could never get to know him," he says, "I couldn't trust him . . . he was only two when I went away and now I just feel numb toward him. Most of the time he won't come near me. When I got home from Vietnam I looked at him and couldn't help thinking about all those deadly noggin kids . . ." (A day earlier I had spoken with Steve's son by telephone, trying to discover where Steve worked so I could call him. The boy did not know where his father was employed.)

ARTHUR, a taciturn alcoholic: "My kids are with my ex-wife. If I could just have them with me for a few days I could help them to like me . . . I'd like to live on a farm and for the kids to have respect for me. For them to be proud to say to their friends: 'Come home and meet Dad.'"

ROBERT, also an alcoholic: "I've destroyed everything I had materially and become mentally and emotionally bankrupt . . . all I want from life is some semblance of peace of mind."

Laurie, divorced after his wife attacked and wounded him with a knife, is, like most of the others, in his early forties. He was brought home a cot case after only three and a half months of the normal year in Vietnam. Brain damage caused by encephalitis has left him with little memory of anything after the age of 28. His main memory of war, and his recurring nightmare, is finding a decomposed human head in a bag while sandbagging rice in the camp.

Laurie laughs (a tortured groan) at all the wrong moments (for example when Steve was talking about shooting that kid). He says he was a sheltered librarian who one day decided to join the army to get some fresh air. They discuss nightmares.

ROBERT: "When I was drinking, and sometimes still now, I dream of skinny men, like Vietnamese, coming toward me. Sometimes they go into big bubbly sort of jelly men. I dream about monkeys jumping around in trees."

STEVE: "There's a Vietnamese guy coming toward me — pointing at me, saying, 'You're the one!' In another dream I'm sitting on trunks in the back of a truck. The trunks have DECEASED written on them and they keep trying to open . . . I'm sitting on them and they keep opening and hands are coming out. It's no fun."

Trevor Fear believes the personal demons of men like these are a direct result of the fact that when they came home the war was a taboo subject. "When the blokes returned from World War Two they were accepted and welcomed as heroes. If they jumped when a car backfired, or screamed in the night, people *understood*. The digger was a hero who went through hell to save the rest of us," he says. "And they deprogrammed themselves as killers by talking about the war in pubs and RSL clubs. Not the Vietnam veterans. They were advised to keep quiet about their experiences, or risk being called murderers.

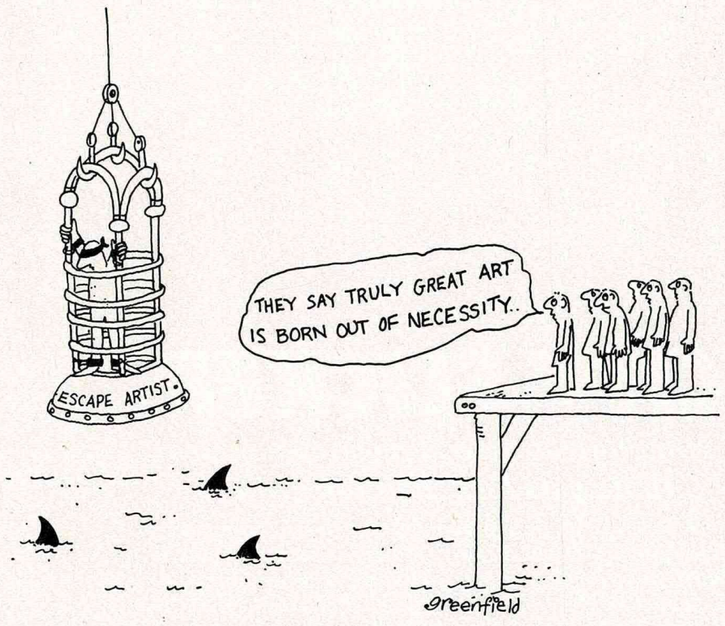
"The result is what you see: withdrawal, suppression, anger and fear. I don't know how long it will continue — no one does. But if there's one thing we've learnt from the Vietnam war it's that if we ever have a similar conflict it should be followed by strong psychological deprogramming."

During our long discussion at my home not one of the four vets suggests that they should be somehow compensated for their ruined lives. Like Arthur with his sad dream of gaining his children's respect, they seem to want nothing more than to be perceived as normal. Perhaps without realising it they have typecast themselves as victims: they attribute all their woes to army training, booze and what they experienced in Indo-China. And yet, without a moment's hesitation, three of the four (they were all regular army) say they would go to Vietnam again if they had their lives over.

"We're old men in young bodies," announces Arthur dramatically.

"Right!" chorus the others. "Bloody right!"

And poor Laurie, with no evident pleasure, laughs until he begins to gag.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOWARD ARCHBOLD

CITY SLICKER

Honda fires up a street-wise micro that costs less than ten grand.

IT'S THE AGE of automotive future shock. Yesterday's sensation is today's norm. Today's breakthrough is tomorrow's base standard. Let's take affordable performance in 1984... The year opened drastically with the Nissan EXA Turbo. It shouted performance at a whispering price-tag ($14,500). It did 200km/h (the old

Article by **ROB LUCK**

Recaro cockpit interior package includes luxury sport/ortho seats, see-through head restraints, sports steering wheel and trim, giving the car the feel of a racer.

benchmark for the econo-exotics around twenty grand plus). It went down the dragstrip like a racer (17 sec). Nissan actually took it to the track and won races. In January, it simply blew everyone away.

The Ides of March swept its usual change. The Mitsubishi Cordia hit the scene like a surprise attack and the opposition was fairly wasted. The cute Cordia ran two-one-five at the "big end", went under 16 seconds for the standing quarter, and limboed under the $14,000 price stick with room to spare.

It was a short-lived victory. Daihatsu zoomed a low-level rocket called the CX under the enemy radar in April, and it looked like it would rewrite the speed record books for midgets as quick as you could say "Turbo".

Then came the real shocker. A private campaigner, a sort of mercenary of motoring performance, pulled the blacktop out from under the lot of them. His name is Ken Mathews, he is a gasoline alley (Parramatta Road, Sydney) car dealer, and he launched something called the Honda City Turbo.

This thing is a real crazy. It looks about as long as the nose on your Commodore and as fat as a Fairlane. It's snub-nosed and stumpy-bummed. And it goes like buggery. It does the new double-ton (200km/h) and it will get there in about two long city blocks. In fact it's so quick you could lose your whole licence (12 points) in one booking. If they can catch you.

The good news is, it costs less than ten grand on the road! If the performance-stretch, price-shrink ratio continues at the same rate, we'll have 400km/h roller skates selling for 50 bucks by the end of the year.

Around the Honda halls of fame, Ken Mathews isn't exactly known as the all-round good guy of dealers. Sure, his sales curves look like they're trying to get off the graph vertically, and the Honda people here love him dearly for that. But Ken is a bit of a renegade, and he keeps on doing things his own way — before the factory.

Only last year, Ken saw a new Prelude two-door coupe and thought he might just scalp it. It took him about nine months, because he likes to do things right, but he took the hatchet to the pretty little (and pretty expensive) coupe and produced one of the nicest full convertibles you have ever seen. Just quietly, the factory loves it (electric push-button operation and all). Just officially, Ken is getting orders from Honda dealers everywhere.

Honda has done a pretty remarkable job with its product in this country, and in NSW. Now Ken Mathews is doing a pretty sensational job giving the product a sharp new image.

(continued on page 124)

THE JOGGER *(continued from page 59)*

Could Rhonda be implying that Bayswatter should take up jogging to improve his sexual prowess?

distraction from the moment he backed the car out of the driveway and had been playing up with a bravado that would have earned them a scolding at any other time. Today, however, he wanted to get the children out of the car and on their way into the schoolyard as quickly as possible. A tongue-lashing would merely delay the parting and possibly provoke a teary outburst from Lorrie.

So he remained silent, staring ahead at the red-jacketed back of Marilyn Binks, the unwitting subject of his daughter's jingly nonsense. In his hurry to drop off the children, he had been tempted to ignore Mrs Binks's hand signal and slide over the crossing to the spot where he normally parked. But the traffic warden had given him no choice, marching out into the centre of the road on the assumption that he would stop, with her sign held high and her expression fixed in its stern Guardian Of The Children mode. She always gave Bayswatter the impression that she would wield the sign as a weapon if any driver was foolish enough to disobey her instructions.

His fingers tapped impatiently at the steering wheel as children danced or jiggled or shuffled across the road, some of them making faces at his son and daughter. He felt dry-mouthed and feverish, as if he was coming down with the latest variant of the Hong Kong flu, and wished Mrs Binks would hurry her charges along.

It was a cool, crisp September morning and the lovingly labored-over gardens of Valley Park were pattern pages of spring colors. But the darkness of his spirit acted as a grey filter to dim the radiance of the peach blossoms, the camellias, the azaleas and the large-as-lettuce roses. Despite the coolness of the day, sweat trickled down from his armpits. There was a tightness in his chest and a weakness in his stomach which he hadn't experienced since he was a nervous young man sitting an exam or appearing for a job interview.

As the last of the children reached the opposite footpath, Mrs Binks lowered her sign and turned to let the traffic flow again. Recognising Bayswatter as a familiar parent face, she greeted him with a smile. The smile irritated him. What would her husband think if he knew she smiled at men that way?

When Bayswatter drew into the kerb a few yards past the crossing, an attractive woman in tight, white jeans and a pink, unbuttoned blouse, who was returning to her car after shepherding a boy of about six across the road, made an elaborate pretence of jumping backwards to avoid being run over. Then she smiled.

Jesus Christ. Were all the women in Valley Park the same? he wondered. Just waiting to send their husbands off to work and their children to school so they could flirt with strangers ... play around, even?

Oh God. These are crazy thoughts. I'm going round the bend, he muttered under his breath.

Thoughts of this nature had never previously entered his head. Now they filled it and he couldn't get rid of them. It was hard to believe that just five weeks ago his mind had been concerned only with the normal problems of a work-pressured, 39-year-old executive. He would have dismissed his present thoughts as wild imagining.

Five weeks ago. It seemed like an eternity. A day like any other day. Except that it was the day his wife had first commented on the jogger — a man from somewhere in the neighborhood who, almost every day, ran a course that took him twice past their home, on his way out and on his way back. They did not know his name or address, but he had become a familiar sight over a period of more than six months.

For those six months, Rhonda Bayswatter had ignored the jogger. Then, suddenly, he seemed to have intruded upon her consciousness. Bayswatter was about to enter the car, after his wife had kissed the children goodbye and bundled them into the back, when the staccato beat of the jogger's rubber soles on the road heralded his morning passage. As the man ran by, wearing his regular gear of red headband, red tank top, red shorts and red-striped running shoes, Bayswatter automatically glanced up.

"It's good for sex," his wife remarked. "Eh?" "Jogging. It's good for sex. So they say." "They also say it's bad for your back. And it's boring. Bloke'd have to be barmy to go pounding down the public highway every bloody day. Or a masochist."

He hadn't really given much thought to her remark until two days later, when his morning departure from the house again coincided with the passing of the jogger, who, as usual, did not look anywhere except at the bitumen directly in front of him.

"It must make you fit — running five kilometres every day," his wife had murmured, staring after the jogger with an absent-minded expression on her face.

"Five kilometres? How do you know he runs five kilometres?"

She didn't answer immediately, continuing to gaze after the jogger. Then she said: "Maureen was up at Glenrose one morning to pick up a paper, after the new boy had missed her place, and saw him. He runs all the way to the oval and back again. That's five kilometres. I measured it in the car."

Her preoccupation with the jogger still didn't begin to bother him until a week later, a Saturday, when he was washing the car and Rhonda had come out to remind him about a pot plant she wanted him to pick up from the nursery.

"Okay," he said when she spoke to him.

"He looks so young for 42," she remarked.

"What?" He stopped splashing water on the Camira and followed her gaze. The jogger was heading back along the street after his morning run to Glenrose, head down, arms swinging and legs rising and falling in a regular, pumping rhythm.

"Forty-two? How the bloody hell do you know he's 42?"

She watched the jogger pass before she answered.

"Jane's mother knows the family. They're from Newcastle."

Great Christ, is there anything she doesn't know about this bloody jogger? he thought. Looks young for 42, she'd said.

Her remark infuriated him. At 39, he was acutely aware of the approaching milestone in his life. He hated the idea of being 40. Ridiculous though it might be to let the coming birthday depress him, he could not help seeing it as a dark cloud lying across his future. If his wife thought the jogger looked young for 42, how did she think her husband looked at 39? And how would she think he looked at 42? For God's sake, he was fit enough. Bit heavier than he was a few years ago. But he did his push-ups and sit-ups and didn't drink as many beers as he used to after work. Well, you'd be a fool to these days, with the booze bus and RBT. He probably drank more wine than he should in the evenings, but he could cut back on that when he wanted to.

Was Rhonda trying to tell him something, he wondered? Well, there was no bloody way he was going to take up jogging.

"No bloody way!" he said out loud, as he slapped some wax on to the bonnet and rubbed it furiously into the paintwork.

"What's that?" a voice asked.

Bayswatter looked up. His neighbor, Miles Vallance, was standing with one leg over the low brick wall separating their properties, apparently having paused in mid-stride at Bayswatter's exclamation.

"Just talking to myself, mate," Bayswatter reassured him.

As he watched Vallance ease himself over the wall, Bayswatter decided that so far as looks were concerned, he had more than a slight edge over his neighbor. The other man had a round pallid face and piggy eyes, flabby arms, which looked as if they could be squeezed like soft clay, and a lower torso layered with so much lard that it was difficult to tell where his fat backside ended and his pot belly began.

Vallance, who said he was 35, lived alone. He wrote television scripts and had once featured in a newspaper article about a

(continued on page 110)

HIGH RISER

Anita's lust for life means she's a girl heading for the top.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL ANCHER

Anita is the sort of girl who gets a lift out of uptown living. Her lifestyle allows easy access to the hurly-burly of inner-city life but it's private when she wants it that way. "When you're 20 storeys up, you really do feel on top of the world," she explains. "I've got my own little nest in the sky and I've chosen to fill it with antiques and my favorite little knick-knacks. I'm a great shopper. I'm always on the look-out for something to add to my collection. I'm choosy about my men, too."

"There's something secretly erotic about the constant hum of the city," she continues. "It means there's always some action close by. I'm only minutes away from my favorite galleries, bars and restaurants and all my friends. I like meeting people — that's why I live in the heart of the city. It's a very special man who gets me on my home ground, in my apartment, but it does happen. That's something else about city living that's such a buzz."

Like it,

or lump it.

A day at the beach can be a pain in the neck. Not to mention every other part of your body that knows how to ache.

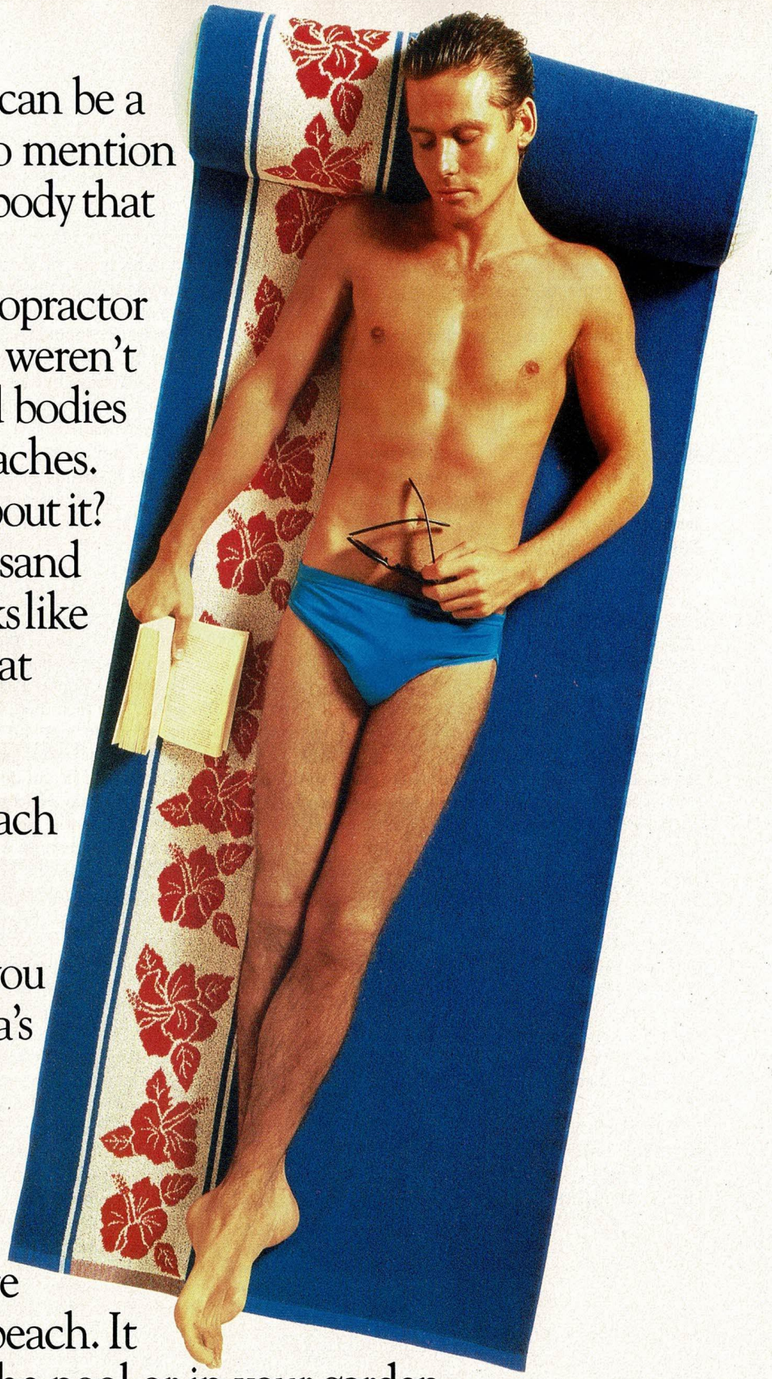
You don't need a chiropractor to tell you that beaches weren't designed for bodies, and bodies weren't designed for beaches.

So what do you do about it?

You can pile up the sand into something that looks like a pillow, and pretend that it's comfortable.

Or you can lie on a Sunloafa, the luxury beach towel with its own inflatable pillow.

To make the pillow, you simply fold out Sunloafa's lightweight carry-bag, slip it into the pocket at one end of the towel, and blow it up.



The result feels more like your bed than the beach. It also works wonders by the pool or in your garden.

And when you're drying off, you'll be wrapped in the thick, high quality cotton that Dri-Glo beach towels are famous for.

All in all, it's the best thing to hit the beach since lifesavers.

So use your head this summer, and rest it on a Sunloafa.

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THE JOGGER

(continued from page 101)

He was filled with a sick, jealous rage at the thought that his wife might be making love to another man.

successful soapie called *Town Of Guilt*. No one ever came to visit him, except his mother, and while Vallance made occasional comments implying that he was much in demand among female admirers, Bayswatter had long suspected that his taste ran more to men than to women.

"Talking to yourself, eh?" Vallance remarked with a smirk. "That's a bad sign."

Bayswatter did not much care for his neighbor and spoke to him only out of necessity or politeness. On this occasion, however, he felt a need to express his resentment toward the jogger.

"Oh, it's Rhonda. She's on to me about that bloody jogger who goes by here every day. I reckon she thinks I ought to be out there jarring my bones with the rest of the exercise nuts."

"Best exercise, I say, is a bit of you-know-what." Vallance smirked more broadly.

Jesus. This bloke just has to be a poof, Bayswatter thought. He was tempted to ask: "You do mean sexual intercourse, do you?" Vallance never spoke directly of sex and he had never used any of the common four-letter words in Bayswatter's hearing. His strongest expression of concern was Jeepers!

Bayswatter decided not to say anything and Vallance pointed a finger at the car wax.

"I wonder if I could borrow some of that wax?" he asked. "Just what I need to give the old bus a shine."

The old bus was a new BMW735i.

"Sure. Take the can. I'm through with it."

After Vallance had ambled back to his property, Bayswatter's thoughts returned to the jogger. With his neighbor's comments about exercise and "you-know-what" still echoing in his mind, he recalled that Rhonda's first remark about the jogger had concerned the matter of sex. Could she be implying that Bayswatter should take up jogging to improve his sexual prowess? That was absurd, he told himself. She had no reason to complain about his performance. Of course, there had been a few times lately when her familiar touch had failed to arouse him or he had simply chosen to go to sleep when he sensed she wanted him to make love to her. But that was because he had a number of office problems on his mind. Pressures had mounted on him as marketing manager for the Perrin's Bros chain of department stores to develop a campaign that would overcome a recent drain of customers to new stores opening in competition in Chatswood, Bondi, Parramatta and Wollongong. And then there was the gnawing anxiety about turning 40.

It was just a passing phase and jogging wasn't the answer. Perhaps if he cut down on his drinking, that might help. He'd give it a try. But not right away. It was going to be a tough week. There were meetings with the advertising people and with the GM. Then, the following week, he would have to make a presentation to the board. Rhonda would just have to bear with him for a while — until the present office crisis was over. When things were a little more settled, he'd make a real effort to get himself in shape.

By the time he had finished polishing the car, he was whistling quietly to himself. It seemed to him that he had come up with a satisfactory solution to the small mystery of his wife's obsession with the jogger. The factor responsible was his temporary deficiency in the department of home affairs, coital section. She had been bringing this to his attention and he had got the message. He would attend to the matter before too long. For now, he pushed it to the back of his mind.

However, within the next few days, he began to notice a marked change in his wife. She didn't seem to mind any more when, at the end of the day, he was too tired to do anything but flop into bed and fall asleep. She smiled a lot more than usual — a curious, fixed, far-away smile — and her demeanor had become that of a person for whom the daily crises arising out of the activities of two small, energetic children and the increasingly short temper of a harried husband no longer constituted matters of much concern. In fact, Rhonda was so gentle with the children and so gracious to her husband that he would have thought she was high on either booze or pot if he didn't know that she was allergic to alcohol and considered the mildest analgesic harmful to her health. Besides, there was no smell of alcohol on her breath or of marijuana in the house.

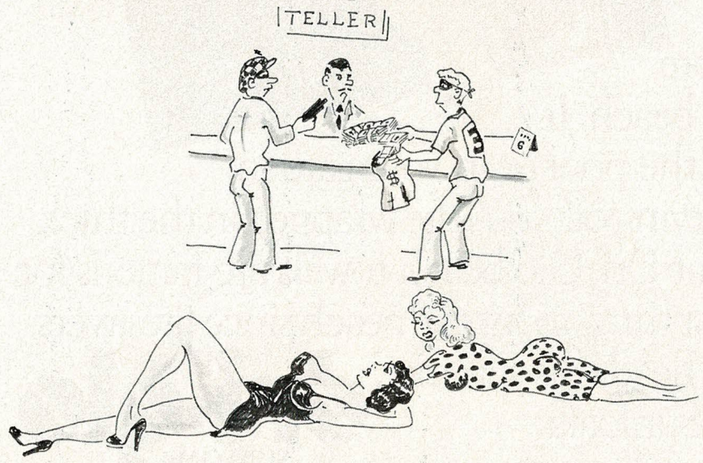
And she looked too well to be taking any drug. She looked so well that he began to notice how attractive she still was. He had stopped examining her too closely when he became conscious that her complexion was no longer as smooth and youthful as it had been when they first met. The Sydney sun was marking her skin, drying it out and lining it, despite the application of creams and ointments. He had wanted to remember her always as the girl who had slipped into his Maroochydore motel room one night when he had been too shy to invite her. He realised now that while she might no longer be girlish and fresh-faced, she was, at 33, maturely beautiful, with a firm, slim body, which she carried with unconscious grace in either jeans or her best going-out dress.

One morning after Bayswatter first noticed the change in Rhonda, Alistair Grantham, an advertising company executive living nearby in Prahran Avenue, telephoned to ask if he could get a ride to Chatswood, where they normally caught the same city-bound train. His car wouldn't start, he said, and his wife's VW was in the garage for repairs.

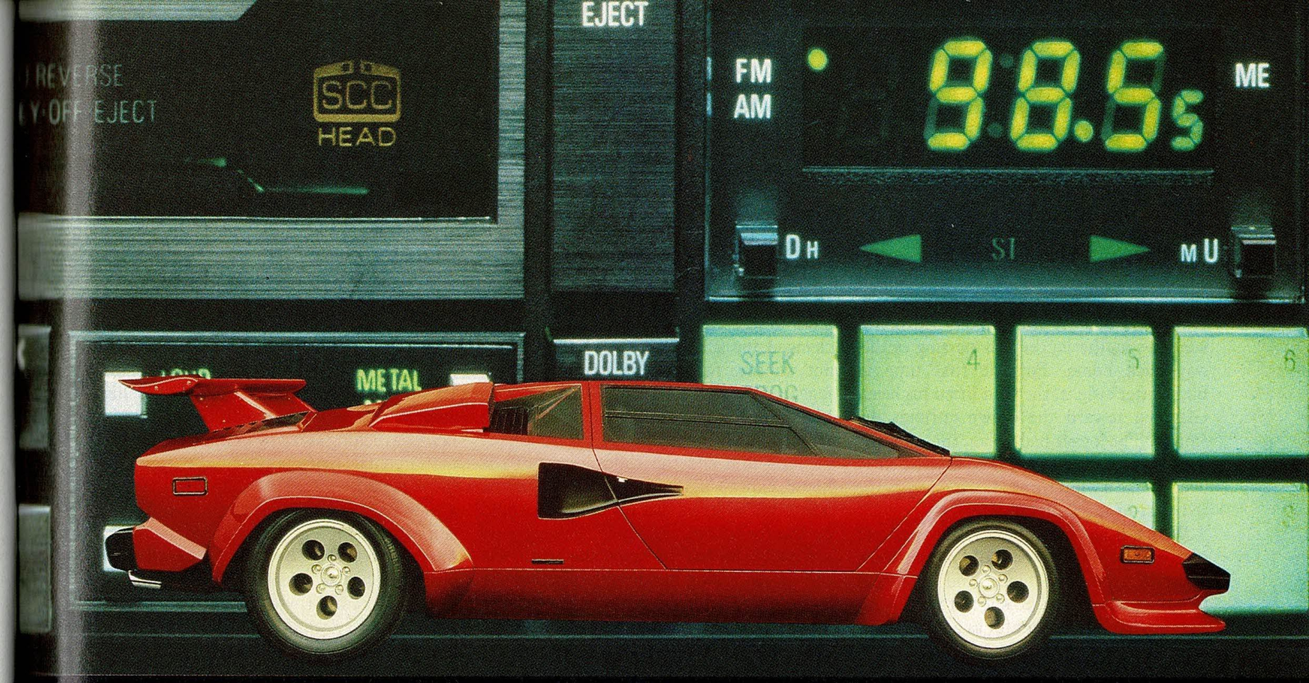
Grantham had a horseshoe-shaped moustache and dark, flashing eyes which gave him the appearance of a well-dressed Mexican bandit. As they waited outside the school for Bayswatter's children to alight and say goodbye to their father, his eyes flashed more brightly than ever. They swept over the neighborhood women escorting their children to the school with the intensity of strobe lights.

"I tell you, mate, I can't wait until my little buggers are coming here," he said. "It'll give me an excuse to get to know some of these delicious Valley Park damsels. Bloke ought to take a day off and do a little door-knocking. Might get an invitation to step inside."

Bayswatter snorted. "You'd be more likely to get arrested."



"Turn over, Sylvia, you fool. . . this is a hold-up, not an office party."



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WBF 0107

"Don't you believe it, mate. From what I hear, quite a bit of funny business goes on in this suburb during the day. Musical houses, you might call it."

Bayswatter forced a laugh and changed the subject, but Grantham had planted a seed of suspicion in his head. It germinated slowly at first, but grew strongly after another Saturday when he was in the house and happened to be looking through the drawn curtains of the master bedroom's windows as the jogger was passing on his way back home. For the first time in Bayswatter's sight, the man lifted his head. Glancing toward the drawn curtains, he smiled. The jogger had a lean, sun-and-air-seasoned face and the smile passed swiftly over it, like a wind ripple moving across the red dust of the outback.

Why did he smile? Bayswatter tried not to think about it, but he could not push the question from his mind. And his mind found an answer, as he knew it would. An answer that was as painful as a continuous scream echoing in his head.

Suppose, he thought . . . just suppose his wife had been standing in the garden one morning after he and the children had driven off and the jogger had come into view on his homeward path. Suppose she had engaged him in conversation. And suppose that had led to . . .

Oh, Christ. His imagination forced upon his consciousness the image of the lean, sweating figure of the jogger moving toward Rhonda and taking her in his arms.

He was filled with a sick, jealous rage at the thought that his wife might be making love to another man. Bloody hell! It wasn't as if he had done anything to deserve infidelity. During their 10 years of marriage he had been a good and faithful husband. Of course, there had been the occasional affair when he went out of town on business. But that was different. Out of town was out of sight and out of mind. He'd never acted the local stud.

Once the suspicion had taken hold firmly, it fed upon every word and gesture of his wife that gave it sustenance. It occurred to Bayswatter that the jogger no longer figured in Rhonda's conversation. He tried to bring up the subject of jogging or joggers, but she took no interest in what he was saying or changed the subject. Was she deliberately not wanting to draw his attention to the jogger because she had a relationship with him? He noticed also that there were mornings when she seemed to be almost pushing him and the children out of the house, expressing concern that he would be late to his office or that the children would be late for school.

Finally, he had to know the truth. He considered asking her directly whether she had a lover, but if she denied it, how would he ever know if she was lying? He had to prove or disprove that there was substance to his suspicion to an extent where no doubt was left in his mind. Accordingly, he had conceived a plan and on this morning he had determined to carry it out and the agony of wanting to know but not wanting to know was making his body sweat.

He had chosen a morning when she had seemed especially anxious to get her husband and children out of the house, fussing over Mark when he couldn't find a matching sock and rejecting Lorrie's request that she iron the child's uniform. While she was busy with the children, Bayswatter took a folder of papers from his briefcase and concealed it under a magazine in the living room.

Soon he would learn the truth. The children shouted goodbye and pranced along the footpath to Mrs Binks and the crossing. Bayswatter waved a hand and pulled away from the kerb. A part of him wanted to proceed straight ahead, as he did every working day but, instead, he made a left-hand turn that would take him back through a series of side streets to a point not far from where he lived. He parked the car near the cemetery and waited. Within a few minutes, the jogger passed across his line of vision, heading back toward the direction of Bayswatter's house.

He started the car and followed him. Each side of Bayswatter's shirt below his armpits was now soggy with sweat and his head was aching as if he was suffering from a monumental hangover. By the time he turned into his street, the jogger was within a few yards of Bayswatter's house. He stopped the car and sat watching the other man's progress. The jogger's head was down and his feet and arms were moving in the same steady rhythm he always maintained and Bayswatter stared after him as if he was mesmerised.

Suddenly he realised that the jogger had passed his house without giving it a glance. He gazed for some moments at the runner's back, almost disbelieving what he was seeing. Relief washed over him, rinsing away the anguish and tension as a summer rain clears the air of its heaviness and humidity. He grinned delightedly.

You've been a bloody fool, Bayswatter, he told himself. It was all a figment of your idiotic imagination. Now you can go home, reclaim the papers that are your excuse for returning, kiss your wife and happily go off to work.

I'm going to be late anyway, he chuckled to himself. So why not be very late?

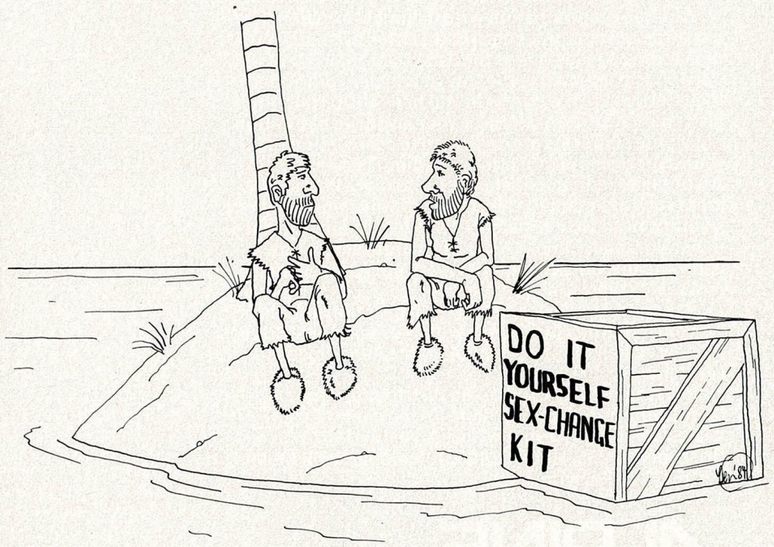
He felt great. He'd kiss Rhonda. Then he'd pick her up and carry her into the bedroom. That was something he hadn't done for years. He'd been crazy to let so much time go by without devoting some moments to those things that gave them both so much pleasure.

He drove to the house, parking in the street so he could surprise Rhonda, and walked up the driveway to the front door. It was ajar and he made a mental note to remind her — not now, later — to close it and lock it when she was alone in the house.

He entered quietly with a smile on his face. She wasn't in the living room or the kitchen. He heard a noise from the master bedroom and moved in that direction. The sound came again and he pushed open the door.

The room appeared to be filled with a large, flabby, bare backside. The sight of this expanse of fat flesh caused Bayswatter to stagger involuntarily as if a professional boxer had punched him in the stomach. He must have uttered a cry of some kind.

The man on the bed with Bayswatter's wife looked back over his shoulder. "Oh, Jeepers!" he exlaimed.



"I'll toss you — heads or tails."

SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

We give you a sneak preview of the clothes to wear in the coming months.

Okay, this is the summer you've decided to conquer the world. And we've decided to give you a head start on how to dress the part. But remember that we've only pointed you in the right direction — the rest is up to you. If you don't succeed, at least you can be consoled by the fact that you bombed out in exceptional style.

A PLAYBOY PROMOTION

For day? Go for lots and lots of white. Smart, clean and it will get you noticed. Grey is another basic summer color. Pastels make a return appearance. Yards and yards of cotton for shirts, trousers and jackets. The cut is very, very loose and very, very comfortable. Pants are generously pleated with tapered cuffs. Jackets are roomy, and blouson and blazer styles have survived the winter months to emerge remarkably fresh. Shirts are cut on the bias and there is plenty of arm room.

Tones of grey slashed with white. From ***Plot Clothiers,*** *a vivid image for the man who wants to be noticed.*
Her attention-grabbing pale grey blouson jacket, punctuated with white front panels and cuffs and featuring mesh inserts ($85), is worn over a white mesh T-shirt ($28). The guys watch the scenery in a collection of cotton shirts (all retailing for around $45). For the dressier occasions on your social calendar, throw on a white linen blazer ($80).
Available from leading department stores and selected menswear shops.

plot ORIGINAL CLOTHIERS

A PLAYBOY PROMOTION

The eyes? Covered. Especially in daylight hours. Sunglasses will be an integral part of any man's wardrobe. At dusk they ensure added allure.

Ray-Ban *sunglasses — the perfect accessory for what is shaping up to be a great summer. Keep a lookout for their Wings design, a single moulded lens that combines great protection with distinctive design. This summer,* ***Ray-Ban's*** *anti-glare lenses are combined with an array of interesting frames; gold is prominent and so is leather binding. The ever-popular Aviator model makes yet another comeback.*

Ray-Ban®

A PLAYBOY PROMOTION

For night? The traditional winter shades of navy and burgundy make a summer debut. The suits are linen, the neckwear, silk and the sweaters, cotton. Night-time sees the suit take a stand. Shoulders are padded to emphasise slim silhouettes. Pants, as for day, are spacious. Loose, interesting sweaters worn with baggy pants in a solid color are also a big look for the coming summer nights.

The unmistakable cut and class of the Italian imports. ***Il Tacchino*** *— suppliers to the man with discerning taste.*
She takes command in a navy ***Valentino*** *linen suit ($750) worn with a crisp white cotton shirt by* ***Il Tacchino*** *($54) and blue silk* ***Carlo Palazzi*** *tie with diagonal burgundy stripes ($34). From left to right the guys look on in admiration. · Soft checked* ***i maschi*** *sweater in red with light blue fleck design ($229) worn with waist-pleated, pale blue* ***Cerruti*** *trousers ($149); navy pin-striped* ***Valentino*** *sportscoat ($429) worn over a lemon* ***Schaffer*** *shirt with blue pin-stripes ($79) and checked red and blue linen* ***Confar*** *trousers ($149); white cotton* ***i maschi*** *sweater with diagonal grey and muted burgundy stripe ($229) matched with dazzling white, softly pleated* ***Cerruti*** *trousers ($149); striking white* ***Schaffer*** *shirt ($79) under a navy* ***Louis Feraud*** *suit with burgundy pinstripes ($749), with a grey and burgundy* ***Carlo Palazzi*** *tie ($34) worn loosely at the neck.*

IL TACCHINO

Royal Arcade, under the Hilton Hotel, Pitt Street, SYDNEY.
Telephone: 267 9494.

A PLAYBOY PROMOTION

FATHER'S DAY GIFT GUIDE

For the man who wants everything.

On Father's Day few things go down as well as a long, smooth Johnnie Walker Red. So get Dad into the right spirit with the world's first choice in Scotch Whisky.

Italian leather desk set. Just part of the extensive and exclusive range from Hunt Leather. Sydney: MLC Centre (02) 233 1681. Melbourne: Block Arcade (03) 654 4151, Collins Place 63 2954, Jam Factory 240 9453. Brisbane: Wintergarden Centre (07) 221 8667.

Soft, round and full bodied — all that one can ask of a port. Make sure you don't disappoint Dad. Buy him Macquarie Port. It will meet all his expectations and more.

Cointreau on ice — the perfect combination. The Cointreau Ice Crusher — the perfect equipment. Order yours by sending a cheque for $19.95 to: Cointreau Ice Crusher, GPO Box 4538, Sydney, NSW 2001.

A pair of Okanui "boggo" shorts topped with an Okanui T-Shirt — the only way for him to hit the sand and surf this summer. Available at leading surf shops throughout Australia.

Jim Beam's Black Label Bourbon Whiskey. Whether he drinks his whiskey neat, on the rocks or with a mixer, we assure you that Beam will improve his standard of drinking. Go on. . . spoil him.

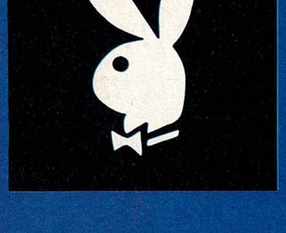
Introducing...Exclusive Australian Playboy Products

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Gift ideas from the World of Playboy. At last, an opportunity for you to acquire the mark of quality and the signature of success. For the first time in Australia, you can obtain these exclusive Playboy products and avail yourself of a magnificent range of superbly-crafted items styled for those who appreciate the finer things in life.

Stick Lighter **$39.95**
A unique slimline, stylish in black with gold trim. An elegant way to light up.

Tee and Green Set **$29.95**
Pure one-upmanship, but lots of fun, in 18ct gold finish — marker engraved "Never Up, Never In".



Golf Balls **$45.95**
The nicest set of balls you've ever owned, tournament quality, PGA approved, 12 per case.

Special Introductory Offer

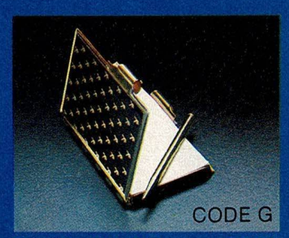
A Bunny Keychain. Normally $29.95, this month only $19.95

For Him or Her. The original, sturdy 18ct gold-plated, pleasingly heavy "feel", accommodates keys galore.

Limited quantity only available till stocks run out.

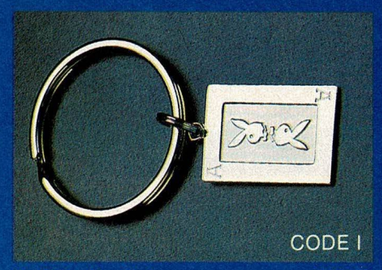
Cigarette Case **$29.95**
Elegant 18ct gold plate with easy push mechanism. Stylish black with designer bunnies.

Executive Card Case **$29.95**
Glamorous stylish presentation of business cards, 18ct gold plate finish, easy open and close.

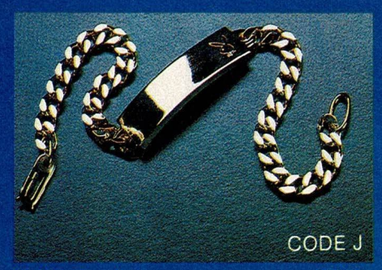


Executive Note Pad **$29.95**
Goes everywhere in 18ct gold plate and won't disturb the line of your most expensive suit.

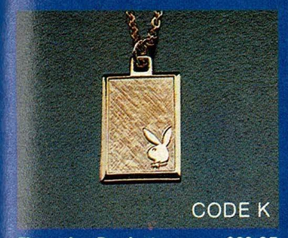
Money Clip **$29.95**
The ultimate design in 18ct gold plate keeps your notes neatly folded and saves digging out your wallet each time you need cash.



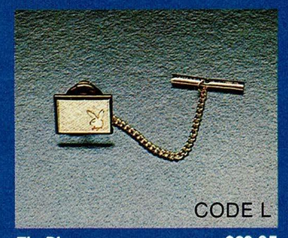
Split Ace Key Chain **$29.95**
For those lucky in love, a large silver ring with split ace playing card. Platinum base, rodium finish.



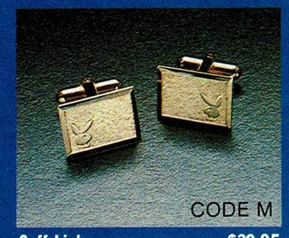
His I.D. Bracelet **$39.95**
Fine mesh chain and nameplate in 18ct gold plate, never showy but there to remind people you're making it.



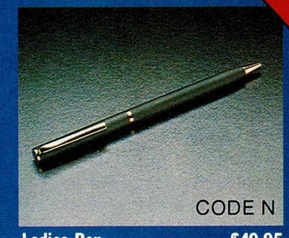
Florentine Pendant **$39.95**
An 18ct gold plate chain with Bunny pendant for the man who appreciates masculine jewellery.



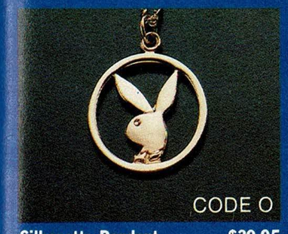
Tie Pin **$29.95**
The glint of gold against a silk tie to invite closer inspection from the right woman.



Cuff Links **$39.95**
18ct gold plate — stylish masculine accessories sure to attract all discerning females.



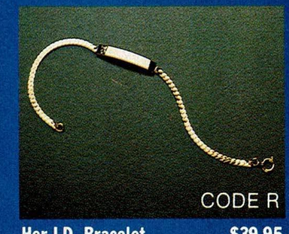
Ladies Pen **$49.95**
Very swish in black and gold, deceptively delicate and engineered to last a lifetime.



Silhouette Pendant **$39.95**
For the perfect Playmate, the unmistakable Bunny with delicate chain in 18ct gold plate.

Heart Pendant **$39.95**
Especially for lovers, the Bunny inside a heart motif with fine double chain in 18ct gold plate.

Black Enamel Pendant **$29.95**
This perfect combination of black and gold looks terrific and will guarantee you success.



Her I.D. Bracelet **$39.95**
Just make sure you're the one who gives it to her in 18ct gold plate.

Mail Coupon Today!

Available to you only through Australian PLAYBOY, these items are your signature of success. Select the products of your choice, complete and mail the coupon today.

If coupon removed, write to Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.

Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.

YES! Please send me the items listed below; enclosed is my cheque/money order for the total amount of $_____OR charge my credit card as follows:

Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ (Please tick appropriate box)

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

_____ P/code_____

Signature_____

EXPIRY DATE:_____

Qty.	Code	Description	Price	Value (Qty. x Price)
	A	Bunny Keychain	$19.95	
	B	Stick Lighter	$39.95	
	C	Cigarette Case	$29.95	
	D	Tee and Green Set	$29.95	
	E	Executive Card Case	$29.95	
	F	Golf Balls	$45.95	
	G	Executive Note Pad	$29.95	
	H	Money Clip	$29.95	
	I	Split Ace Key Chain	$29.95	

Qty.	Code	Description	Price	Value (Qty. x Price)
	J	His I.D. Bracelet	$39.95	
	K	Florentine Pendant	$39.95	
	L	Tie Pin	$29.95	
	M	Cuff Links	$39.95	
	N	Ladies Pen	$49.95	
	O	Silhouette Pendant	$39.95	
	P	Heart Pendant	$39.95	
	Q	Black Enamel Pendant	$29.95	
	R	Her I.D. Bracelet	$39.95	

ALLOW 28 DAYS FOR DELIVERY.

SUB TOTAL	$
ADD POSTAGE & PACKING	$ 2.50
TOTAL	$

GUARANTEE — Australian PLAYBOY guarantees the quality and workmanship of each item and offers a full 14-day money back refund if dissatisfied.

CITY

(continued from page 100)

It is the blue heeler of urban traffic, snapping at slow ankles, darting through gaps.

The City Turbo is what it is all about. Honda markets the City three-door "car" in Australia for around $6700. The vehicle is a bit of a cheat, because it's brought here under the category of a commercial vehicle which at the time meant lower duties and no import quota. To qualify, it was simply supplied with two front seats and a rear load area sectioned off with a single bar. Not surprisingly, an after-market, rear-seat installation to turn it into a full four-seater was offered through dealers or their agents, but the scheme attracted the attention and censorship of the Feds.

The City is as good as its name. It's the ideal town car. It is so small you can get two in the average garage designed for one car. It has a regular 1.2 litre, four-cylinder engine, which in a paperweight body provides astonishing fuel economy with full anti-emission gear. Some featherfoot drivers have returned 60-70mpg (as little as 4 litres/100km). Yet the performance is very good in standard trim because the little engine produces horsepower (63ps) comparable with most small sedans like Gemini and Corolla, which are much heavier.

The car has sophisticated suspension, nice light steering that turns the car right round the other way in the width of two city lanes (most cars take three plus) and good brakes (12-inch discs on the front). It even has a big fuel tank at 41 litres (say 700 miles/1130km possible range), AM radio, remote control mirrors and rear screen wiper/washer/heater Not bad.

But not good enough for Ken Mathews. Ken jumped a Jumbo to have a look at the Honda City in Japan. In Tokyo, Honda City sedans grow aprons that droop on the ground like a debutante's ballgown. And they are f-a-a-a-t; almost a foot wider than standard. Under the skirts are four big paws, 14-inch wheels at least six inches wide, instead of wheelbarrow wheels (12 x 4 inches) on the standard car. On some special race versions the boots are up to size 10 (inches across). Under the bonnet are turbochargers. The Japanese race them with a viciousness that defies the imagination, sometimes 20 or so at a time, and they spend a great deal of any given race bouncing off each other.

Mathews brought the kits back to Australia, minus the stunts. And minus the turbos, which are built by Honda, but as yet not for export. So the factory wouldn't supply. The body bolt-ons came from outside suppliers. Mathews grafted them on locally, then consulted a turbo man.

Phil Ward did the job. He's been doing such jobs for many years and his formula is particularly potent. He has wide racing experience, so he was able to produce a street-and-strip conversion that goes like a racer, but has street machine staying power and reliability.

Ken Mathews added some extras, including AM/FM radio/tapedeck, extra mirror, high-speed running shoes (ROH mags/Goodyear NCT tyres), tinted windows and other gismos. There's also a Recaro Cockpit option with color-coded performance/orthopaedic seats, steering wheel and even super-power stereo.

Obviously it looks radical. People don't fall off sidewalks just for the fun of it. Some like it, some don't. The wedge nose, raked straight from bumper to roofline, is contrasted by a slab back, and it looks like an XPT mated with a bread van. The all-round apron is accentuated by a separate color scheme.

On the road it takes the breath away. It accelerates so hard it can leave 50 metres of not-negotiable lines on the roadway. It will chirp wheels into third gear while other commuters are still struggling.

It is the blue heeler of urban traffic, snapping at slow ankles, rounding up the stragglers, darting through gaps in pursuit of runaways. It is so small and accelerates so fast it doesn't need holes in the traffic, it invents them. It is absolutely untouchable in a crush.

It has some problems too. The tiller needs a firm grip or the wailing wheels will wrench it from your grasp, and the car can duck and weave under hard acceleration. It is a bit noisy in the rear, something that could be fixed with 50 bucks' worth of soundproofing. It needs a rev-counter gauge to warn you before the engine is likely to disintegrate. Optional seating is a must for location and comfort, while the suspension on our early car needed a titch of sorting (firmer compression rates on the dampers to stop body roll, which lets the wheel flares contact the tyres). But what do you expect for $10,000?

What you do get is something that will blow the ears off just about everything else on four production wheels. It may not be the end of the performance line, but it's going to be a hard act to follow.

SLICK KITS

HONDA CITY: recommended retail including on-the-road costs **$7300**

KIT 1 Rear seat (available through Parts & Accessories); Honda factory mags (12"x5"); AM/FM stereo cassette; on-the-road **$8950**

KIT 2 Body dress-up kit; glassfibre spoilers; air-dams; roof spoiler; ROH 14"x6" wheels; NCT Goodyear tyres; interior dress-up pack; AM/FM stereo cassette **$9950**

KIT 3 Kit 2; body and interior package; Phil Ward turbo-charger **$12,495**

KIT 4 Mix-kit (combination of any above) ..... **POA**

KIT 5 Recaro "Cockpit" interior package (two Recaro TX orthopaedic sport seats; Recaro color-coded steering wheel; Recaro color-coded interior trim pack) from **$1330**

Available from: Ken Mathews Prestige Cars Pty Ltd, cnr O'Connor St and Parramatta Rd, Haberfield, NSW. Ph: (02) 797 7311. Or by inquiry through Honda dealers. After-sales kits available on order.

You two can own a 4WD!

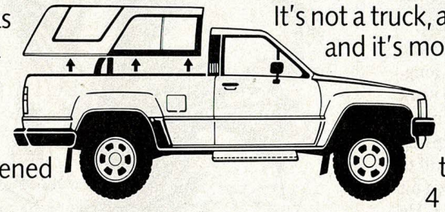
Toyota 4 Runner. Run smooth in the City, wild in the bush.

There is now a 4WD that you the realist can feel comfortable with, and you the escapist can go nuts about.

It's not a weekender, it's a 7-days-a-week vehicle, built to run smooth in the City, wild in the bush.

The new Toyota 4 Runner is ***all*** new. Inside, you'll find it's sedan comfort, with good space for five adults, front reclining seats, excellent stereo, power rear window and power steering.

The only clues as to what you do on week-ends are the two gear-sticks and the dashboard altimeter and clinometer that read-off your height and angle of climb. 4 Runner has the Toyota HiLux pedigree of a true 4WD, with a Toyota Super Responsive Engine – petrol or diesel. And the whole back canopy is detachable, for a heightened sense of freedom.



So if you set off to the milk bar and end up at Marble Bar, it isn't because you're lost.

It's because you've found the only vehicle that truly leaves the options up to you.

The 4 Runner won't let you down in public, and won't quit on you in the bush.

It's not a truck, and it's not just a city sedan, and it's more than a 4WD.

The 4 Runner is all of those, in a very individual blend. And incidentally, the escapist won't care, but 4 Runner's price will be of considerable interest to the realist in you!

TOYOTA

Oh what a feeling!

OFFICIAL SPONSOR 1984 OLYMPIC TEAM

DFS/TT/253

BARASSI (continued from page 42)

I think women are attracted to power, as in the case of a coach. . . I have that aura.

world scene. If Australians are prepared to see their standard of living stay the same while everyone else's is rising, well that's okay. But we wouldn't. We'd bitch about it. But I would hate to see us become like the Yanks who seem just concerned with the dollar. There's more to life than the dollar. Or like the Japanese who are so bee-like work orientated. I think we've got a healthier attitude to work than that but we haven't got enough pride in what we do. We don't work hard enough. The number of public holidays we have is a joke. I really think Australians don't look too far into the future; they're too interested in what hits them in their own hip pocket. I just don't see how a country where that kind of thinking prevails to the degree that it does here has a great future. One of the reasons we've done pretty well to date is because of the wealth of the land. But that's just arse! We didn't put it there.

PLAYBOY: Is there a solution or a direction we should be taking?

BARASSI: The only solution I think is through education. I think we're turning out competent carpenters and accountants but the social skills and life-fulfilling skills I believe are so important within the community are left to the home. I don't think it's good enough. Such things as memory training and speed reading and advanced personality improvement, problem solving, planning your day, goal setting, debating... they're skills we all should be very good at by the time we leave school. I think they are far more important than knowing that 17 by three equals 51 which you can learn by playing darts. It's a long, long, long-term solution. I really do think we have to get back, somehow, to having a better sense of values. There have been so many changes in the world over the past 20 years and it's all happened so quickly that a lot of people are confused.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the country has the right sort of leadership at the moment?

BARASSI: I think we are being shown the best quality leadership we've had for a long, long while. Hawke wants the people to work together and think together and he's made some concrete moves toward organising that. He has the personality and the skill to help it along and he does seem to think a bit further than the next two or three years. He does talk about master plans and 10-year structural changes. But if you're a leader that's what you should do. A leader needs courage. I think Australia has too many politicians and not enough statesmen. I know there are a lot of people who don't trust Bob and say it's all a cover-up and if he stays in power long enough the socialist ilk will have its way. I must confess I'd trust Bob a lot more than I'd trust the Labor movement. My fear of communism is irrational. I think it's just an awful thing. I just hate the thought of being dictated to, of not having freedom and not being able to tell a government what you think of it. At the same time I do believe that for many third world countries where 95 percent of the wealth is owned by five percent of the people, communism is the best thing. But as for Hawkey, his big problem is about the same as Allen Aylett's problem with the VFL. Aylett has some very good, big-thinking ideas, but to get the 12 clubs to back them both *at* the table and *away* from the table is very hard.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any political aspirations?

BARASSI: It is actually very tempting. I am a politically inclined animal. I just don't know if I could hack it, given the petty nature of the game, and the fact that you've got to always vote with the party even if you don't agree.

PLAYBOY: Where would you position yourself in the political spectrum?

BARASSI: Small "l" liberal I suppose.

PLAYBOY: Is being Ron Barassi anything like being the fastest gun in the West? Do people continually want to challenge you?

BARASSI: I've struck a little of that. But I take a person at face value.

PLAYBOY: Do you find women are attracted to you because you're Ron Barassi?

BARASSI: I think more are attracted to me than perhaps would be otherwise. I think women are attracted to power, as in the case of a coach. Women are attracted to successful people. I have that aura. I've had a few stumbles too, I might add. But I think it's completely natural.

PLAYBOY: Would you think of yourself as a flirt?

BARASSI: To a degree, yes. But certainly not when my wife is there. I mean the sort of flirting I'm talking about is harmless but it's very bad taste when your wife is there. Or vice versa. I've seen some wives do it and I think it's just such bad taste.

PLAYBOY: Success seems to have sexual connotations for some women. Are you aware of that from your own point of view? Do you find women offering themselves to you?

BARASSI: Well yes, it has happened.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that flattering, pleasing, or does it throw you out of gear?

BARASSI: I think I found it flattering when I was younger. Now it's probably just pleasing.

". . . but there are some days when I can't handle the duality, and I'd rather be just totally fish."

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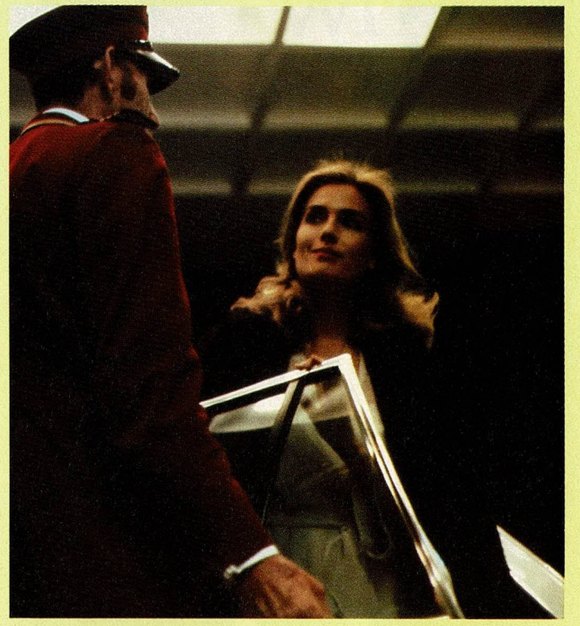

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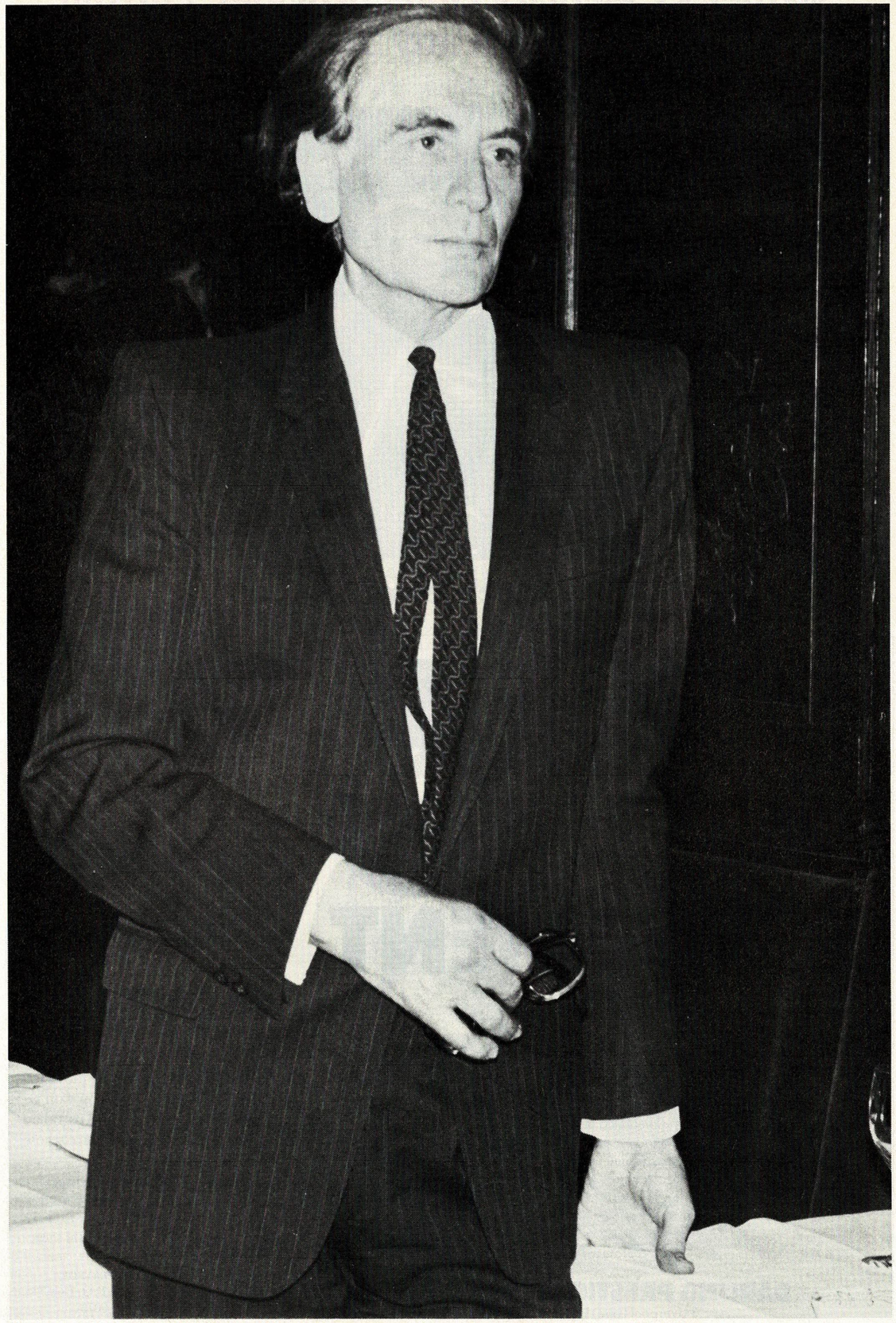

How a man who's owned the same suit for the last thirty years has changed the way the world dresses.

Your name's Pierre Cardin.

You've just bought Maxim's in Paris, possibly the world's most famous and exclusive restaurant.

A thought strikes you.

Why not open a cheaper sister-restaurant to Maxim's?

Brilliant.

But what will you call this sister restaurant...Max's? Maxine's? Maxelle's?

As you ponder, you might let your mind wander back over your career.

How you started at Christian Dior's then set up your own design firm in 1950.

How your bubble dresses triumphed all over the world.

You smile as you remember the shock you caused in haute couture circles when you became the first top designer to launch a ready-to-wear collection.

And then you had the nerve to open ready-to-wear departments for both men and women, bringing style and elegance to people without limitless money, particularly the young.

(Just as you hope to do with this restaurant you're trying to name.)

Then came those wonderful '60's.

Your simple geometric shapes dominated even that dazzlingly flamboyant age.

And your idea of exaggerated shoulders was one of the few landmarks in the anonymous '70's.

It amuses you to know that you've given the world some of its most adventurous fashions, yet you have long preferred immaculate suits.

You've been wearing one of them for over 30 years.

They suit you. You know they're right for you in the same way that your designer's eye knows what's right for millions of other people.

Yes, you've been at the top of the fashion world for 40 years and have won every award it offers.

Yet you can't think of a name for Maxim's cheaper sister-restaurant.

But wait...of course, Minim's.

So deceptively simple, so obviously right. So like every item that bears your name. And so typical of you if your name's Pierre Cardin.

Pierre Cardin

LOOKING GOOD

Losing weight isn't a problem. Anyone can do it. The real problem is keeping it off once you've lost it. You see, weight is like a weed. If you're prone to it, then all you can do is try to keep it under control, otherwise it will simply take over completely.

The weight-losing business is a billion-dollar one in the USA, where people have too much of everything which looks good to eat.

The situation in Australia is somewhat similar to both America and the more affluent nations of Europe. There are just too many people who, once they've made it — in business and life — find obesity a problem.

Many Australian PLAYBOY readers no doubt have problems with weight. I do myself. No matter what I do I just can't seem to get back down to my best competitive running weight when I was an Olympian.

I used to worry but now I don't bother too much. Recent research and a review of my reasons for being overweight suggest that while I'm heavier than the charts say I should be, I am still fit and energetic with the excess not appearing to be a health or fitness problem.

In any case, I know that my heredity and eating habits indicate I will always be above average. I'm certainly not obese, nor am I unfit, so why should I worry? But if you *are* either obese or unfit, then maybe you should be concerned.

Unfortunately obese lovers are often poor lovers. As I've said, making love and being a good lover require the fitness and dedication of a trained athlete.

Being overweight won't help your performance or your enjoyment of the physical side of lovemaking.

Let's have a careful look at the problems of weight and how to handle them. First of all, exactly what is meant by being overweight or obese? The two terms are often used synonymously, yet they are actually different.

Being overweight means weighing more than you should according to such factors as age, sex, height and build. Being obese means having too much fat in comparison to the total muscle in your body.

Being overweight is not necessarily a problem, but it can be. Being obese is always a problem because it usually leads to other, more serious risks or health and fitness problems.

Weight charts can be misleading. They were originally devised by an insurance actuary more than 70 years ago and have been constantly updated ever since. The updating, until only relatively recently, was done mainly by actuaries and not often by people with scientific, medical or any similar type of training. This meant that

How to handle those tricky weight problems.

actuarial charts were merely statistical, and thus they showed that over and above certain ratios of age, sex and height, deaths and serious illnesses were directly linked to weight.

In more recent times, however, medical and scientific people have looked more closely into these charts and discovered many other more important factors regarding weight and its effects. They discovered that it was only for those more than 15 to 20 percent above average weight that risks rose significantly.

They also discovered that being more than 10 to 15 percent *under* average weight might actually be more significant and dangerous to health and longevity than being similarly overweight.

So last year the life assurance charts were revised — upwards. Average weights for specific ages, heights and sex were increased. Previously "overweight" people suddenly became nearer to or even quite average, while some slightly underweight ones actually became health risks.

No doubt continuing studies will again bring about further changes in these charts before too long, suggesting that they mean little, or nothing, to the average man with whom they're supposed to deal, but primarily are useful as an actuarial tool.

This makes them something like TV ratings — a good guide because there is nothing else or better, but certainly not entirely realistic.

I suggest you try to ignore the weight-for-age charts unless they tell you you're 25 percent or more overweight or more than 15 percent underweight.

What is important is obesity. How do you discover how much fat you're carrying?

The most accurate method is not the simplest. It means going to a hospital or a research centre like the Cumberland College of Health Sciences in Sydney, where special equipment is available for testing fat-to-muscle ratios.

First, you are weighed naked. Then you are put into a specially made metal cylinder filled with water with a chair or device on which you can sit or stand. Next you're immersed completely in water, momentarily, and then weighed again. The difference between your dry weight and fully wet weight tells, more or less, your fat-to-muscle ratio. Fat floats while muscle and bone sink. You'll thus weigh more out of water than you would in it because your body fat, like any other, floats while the rest of your body tends to sink. Allowance is made for air trapped in your body and its organs, but the researchers come pretty close to establishing your fat-to-muscle ratio.

Besides being somewhat uncomfortable, time-consuming and costing money, the procedure can be terrifying for some people, particularly those prone to claustrophobia. There is another, much simpler, cost-free method of discovering whether you're obese and thus carrying too much fat in relationship to muscle and bone. Simply get into a swimming pool (with ordinary water, not salt water) and try to float. If you float easily then you're probably obese. If you sink quickly then you're carrying loads of muscle. If you sink slowly and only halfway to the bottom, you're probably only moderately obese and need not worry. To really test yourself, exhale completely and see what happens. If you don't sink even partly then you're almost certainly very obese.

It doesn't matter what you look like. Unfit and untrained muscle can appear flabby and even fat, but still not be technically obese and thus actually carrying too much fat. The float test will tell quite quickly and simply.

If you *are* overweight then you'll need to combine diet, exercise and discipline both to lose the excess and keep it off, which is a subject in itself for another column.

Like I said, losing weight isn't the problem at all. Knowing whether you need to lose or gain is much more difficult, but it could be the starting point of a new you — provided there needs to be one.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

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I am a male single parent with two children in my custody, a situation I have been in for almost four and a half years. Generally I find it extremely difficult to socialise with women, many of whom express surprise at a male bringing up children. Reverse discrimination?

I don't want the children to see me wake up in the morning with different women; if I want to spend a night with a lady, either the children have to stay with friends or a babysitter has to spend the night at home, all of which is anxiety-producing and reduces the spontaneity of a date.

Consequently, sometimes I have difficulty in getting it up and I don't always ejaculate when I do. I'm finding my sexual needs being badly deprived and this tends to increase the anxiety. Although I do masturbate almost nightly I would much rather ejaculate into a vagina than into a tissue. There doesn't seem to be any help for single fathers.

— V.P., Vic.

You are quite right about the reverse discrimination. Other single fathers have told me that mothers often won't talk to them at play groups and won't let their children come over after school to play with kids being raised by a man. Lone fathers also receive patronising comments from women such as "How do you manage to feed them?" Strange, isn't it? Women object to being forced into female roles and criticise men for not sharing child-care and housework. Yet we still make life difficult for males who are forced or choose to raise their own children. I hope you and other lone fathers will continue to speak out and make others aware of their prejudices.

As for your problem, it is one which I, as a single parent, share with you and understand only too well. All responsible single parents are nervous of the effects of introducing new partners to their children or, worse, having their children stumble across them sleeping in Mummy's or Daddy's bed. We are all haunted by that dreadful scene in *Kramer Versus Kramer* where the young boy encountered Dad's friend naked in the corridor. However, the solution is not to take fright and sublimate all your adult needs to those of your children. I have spoken to fathers who have deprived themselves of female company for years for fear of disturbing their relationship with their children. It is all too easy to work, rush home, look after the kids and then have no time or energy left to do anything about going out and meeting new people. Often the lone parent has financial problems which make dating even more difficult, particularly when there are babysitters who need to be paid.

I also feel it is very dangerous for children to become totally dependent on one parent who is always at their beck and call. You are creating enormous difficulties for any future relationship if your children have never had to share you with other adults.

I suggest you start straight away to make efforts to get out on your own, so

Single parent blues and a traumatised transvestite.

you can meet people, particularly women, and so your children can get used to the idea that you do have your own needs. If you have difficulties with child care, talk to neighbors, friends and ask them to look out for teenage children or students who may like to earn a little bit of pocket money. Often the isolation of the single father is partly due to the fact that he hasn't made the effort to talk to people around him and ask for help.

As for the problem of meeting women, I am a great believer in adult education courses, or interest groups, as a means of meeting in circumstances where you can talk about a common interest rather than being obviously on the make. As a male, you may like to pick a course which may attract women — cookery, English literature or suchlike. Ask at your local college about possible courses and find out which ones tend to attract males or females. Then when you are talking to females, learn to treat them first as friends whose company you wish to enjoy. Then if something develops, terrific; if not, you've gained a friend and had some fun.

As for your sexual problem, I am sure that will disappear when you find yourself in the right hands. Obviously if you are having sex in circumstances when you are worried about the children and not comfortable with your partner, your sexual equipment is bound to play up. It is sure to blossom and behave perfectly with some tender loving care. After the tense years you have experienced, it will probably take a while for you to relax and learn to enjoy yourself again — but you'll get there in the end. In the meantime try not to worry and enjoy masturbation as a means of relaxing yourself and keeping everything from getting too rusty!

My problem is that I'm a transvestite and I don't want to be. I'm a male, heterosexual, married, happy and 30 years old. I'm otherwise perfectly normal apart from this but I find I can't live with the deception and stress involved with being a transvestite. Airing my problem to my wife and friends is unrealistic. Can I have some form of hormone injections or similar treatment? If ***not****, what can be done?*

— L.J., NSW.

It is extremely unlikely that any type of hormone injection or medical treatment can help you. There is a drug called Depo-Provera which is being used to treat sexual compulsions such as exhibitionism which involves illegal activity likely to lead to severe consequences for the person concerned. Since the drug often has side-effects, such as impotence, its use is only appropriate to control sexual behavior which is severely jeopardising the life of the person concerned. Transvestism does not usually fall into this category. In fact, in Sydney, there is a society called the Seahorse Club for married transvestites who hold regular meetings which they attend dressed in female clothing. These transvestites have learnt to accept this aspect of their sexuality and gain support from meeting others with similar interests. They often attend meetings accompanied by their wives who frequently help them with choice of clothing and make-up. It may be worthwhile making contact with such a group to reassure yourself that you are not the only one with an interest in cross-dressing.

If you contact me giving your name and address I will write privately to you with the names of some specialists who may be able to help you reduce the intensity of your interest in transvestism. There are some behavior therapy techniques which can help moderate those desires and make it easier for you to cope with what is a distressing problem for you. I'm sure you will find it helpful to talk to someone who is very familiar with the type of problem you are experiencing.

THIRTY-MINUTE ORGASM

You may have read about the 30-minute orgasm in Australian PLAYBOY (September, 1982) when Richard Rhodes described his experience at Donna and Alan Brauer's sex workshop. After reading Richard Rhodes's description of the videotape demonstrating a woman experiencing a 30-minute orgasm, I decided there and then that this was something I couldn't bear to miss.

I have just returned from attending a similar Extended Orgasm seminar in Phoenix, Arizona, and have to confirm that the Brauers are developing some fascinating new ideas about increasing sexual pleasure. It *is* possible to extend the pleasurable sensations of orgasm from the customary few seconds of bliss to many minutes of orgasmic sensation. And I am not just talking about female orgasm. The best thing about the Brauers' work is that it applies equally to men. I was delighted to find that someone finally is working actively on trying to find ways of helping *males* increase their sensuous pleasure and gain more enjoyment from orgasm.

Now for a few comments on specific aspects of the workshop. Firstly the whole notion of Extended Sexual Orgasm (ESO) needs some explanation. The Brauers believe that ESO is a different type of orgasm to the normal male and female climax. It involves entering a different state of consciousness, a relaxed state different from the rapid release of tension normally associated with orgasm. The orgasmic sensations are there but heightened considerably. Instead of the normal rapid contractions of the vagina involved in the usual orgasms, a woman experiencing ESO has one continuous "pushing out" sensation. In the male, ESO involves separating the first stage of orgasm, the *emission* phase where you feel those first delicious sensations, from the later *ejaculation* phase. By extending this emission phase, males apparently experience all the pleasurable sensations of orgasm for long periods of time without feeling the need to ejaculate. The Brauers have found that during this emission period, fluids from various glands accumulate in the urethral bulb (a little reservoir in the urethra situated just below the prostate) and these may dribble out of the penis during this extended orgasm period.

What fascinated me was the fact that the Brauers have measured brain waves during ESO and found these change to the sleep-like brain waves often found in

Marathon pleasures of the half-hour orgasm.

deep states of meditation. They find heart rate drops, so does blood pressure and the whole experience is both extremely pleasurable and quite relaxing. The 30-minute orgasm isn't a test of endurance; it can be positively invigorating. These findings confirm personal stories I have heard many times from women who describe orgasms lasting many minutes where they felt as if they were floating without effort, taking off "on a different plane".

The specific techniques for learning ESO are too detailed to explain but here are a few hints I learnt at the workshop.

The essence of giving a woman an ESO involves the man alternating between stimulation of the clitoris and the front wall of the vagina (the so-called G Spot), learning to identify specific phases in the woman's response cycle and tuning in to changes in her response to adjust the stimulation she needs. One interesting point is that the Brauers have found it is very important when the woman is learning this response to start with clitoral stimulation *before* attempting G Spot stimulation. They have found many women don't respond to G Spot stimulation until they are aroused and preferably have reached their first orgasm.

I have mentioned some of the hints for giving males pleasure in this column in previous months. Remember the scrotal pull which involves pulling down the testicles just before orgasm as a means of delaying ejaculation? The latest suggestion is for the woman to apply sexual stimulation by stroking the penis with one hand, using her other hand to continually pull lightly down on the scrotal sac in rhythm with her strokes. This stops the testicles from rising and helps prolong the emission phase of orgasm. Another hint is to push firmly upwards just behind the scrotum with one or two fingers (with well-trimmed nails, of course). This applies pressure to what the Brauers call the "external prostate spot" which increases arousal and helps the build-up to orgasm. Then there is the "prostate pincher" which can be done in two ways. To quote the Brauers' book on ESO: "Either press the forefinger of your dominant hand in to your partner's external prostate spot, with the thumb of the same hand anchored hooked around the base of his penis; or reverse the position of the digits, anchor your forefinger around the base of the penis, and push in on the external prostate spot with your thumb. One method works better for some people, the other for others. If your prostate-pushing forefinger needs more support, you can back it up with your middle finger. Either way, stroke your partner's penis with your other hand at the same time. The more pressure on the external prostate spot and the faster the stroking, the faster the climb to arousal."

So there you are. New ideas to add variety to your lovemaking. You never know, you too may be able to experience a 30-minute orgasm. Then your only problem will be finding the time to fit it in!

•

Please send all your sex queries to Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Bettina welcomes all inquiries but regrets she cannot always reply to each reader individually.

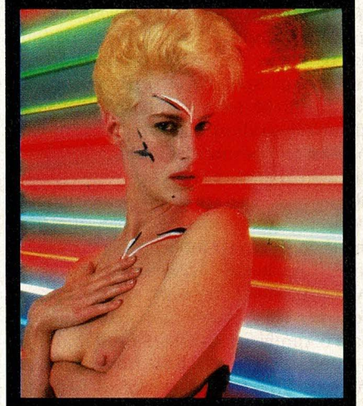
NEXT MONTH

MALE STRIPPERS: WHAT HAVE THEY GOT THAT AUSSIE WOMEN GO MAD FOR? JANET STREET-PORTER GETS HER TEETH INTO AUSTRALIA'S FUNNY SEXUAL BEHAVIOR.

HOW TO GET THE BODY YOU WANT: WE SHOW YOU SOME GREAT AUSSIE BODIES; JUST PICK THE ONE YOU WANT AND GO FOR IT.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: OSCAR WINNER SHIRLEY MACLAINE BARES HER SOUL.

TOM CARROLL: WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE WORLD'S BEST SURFER AND HOW HE PLANS TO STAY ON TOP.



LIQUID LUST: ANNE CARLISLE FROM *LIQUID SKY*, THE SCI-FI SEX MOVIE HIT OF THE YEAR, STARS IN AN EXCLUSIVE SPACED-OUT PICTORIAL THAT WILL ZAP YOU INTO THE MILKY WAY.

COCAINE: SOONER OR LATER EVERY COKEHEAD HAS TO GET OFF IT OR DIE. HERE'S A DIFFERENT KIND OF STORY ABOUT GETTING OFF.

HOW SEXY ARE YOU? *(continued from page 79)*

Check your score to determine whether you're really as hot as you'd like to believe!

HOW TO SCORE

To find out where you lie on the Sexual Richter Scale, consult the table below. Each photo has a number which corresponds with a specific number of points. For instance if you picked photo number 16, you would have scored four points; photo number 27, one point and so on. When you have finished scoring, add up your points for stages 1-3 and subtract your points for stages 4 and 5 from that total. The total is the key to unlocking your sexual secrets. Now read on to see what your score tells you about your sex IQ.

1.5	11.4	21.1	31.5	41.1
2.2	12.2	22.1	32.4	42.3
3.4	13.5	23.3	33.5	43.4
4.3	14.2	24.5	34.2	44.1
5.5	15.1	25.4	35.5	45.2
6.2	16.4	26.3	36.2	46.4
7.3	17.2	27.1	37.3	47.2
8.3	18.3	28.1	38.4	48.3
9.3	19.5	29.4	39.1	49.5
10.1	20.1	30.2	40.5	50.4

WHAT IT ALL MEANS

LESS THAN 30 POINTS

Start worrying. You have about as much sex appeal as Sir Les Patterson. Your mattress has lost its spring and so have you, if you ever had any to begin with. Don't you ever try anything new? However you may be able to change, old dogs can learn new tricks. Give your sexual repertoire a good shake-out and enjoy life. That's what it's there for.

BETWEEN 30 AND 75 POINTS

Congratulations, you have a libido! Your sex IQ suggests that you are interested and that you are quite capable of surprising your partners. But there's room for improvement. You may not be at the bottom of the heap but you're not on top either. You walk a thin line between excitement and ennui. Develop that potential and your sex life will improve by leaps and bounds.

MORE THAN 75

Well, well, you are a sexy beast aren't you? There's nothing stagnant about your bed clothes. Your skill is matched by your appetite, which is probably immense. As a firm supporter of the belief that you should do unto others as you would have them do unto you, you share your gift with many partners. Needless to say you have left behind you a trail of broken hearts as well as aching bodies. We thought we'd better warn you that the president of Nymphos Oz Incorporated is including your telephone number in its next newsletter. As the boy scouts say: Be prepared!

CREDITS

Boomerang from Duncan McLennan's Boomerang School, Sydney; garter, suspender belt, French knickers and camisole from Bras 'n Things, Parramatta; corkscrew, "lips" ashtray, "Horace" the pig, Monroe ashtray, black stemmed cocktail glass and teddy bear all courtesy of Martinvale, Strand Arcade, Sydney; leg rope from Surf Dive 'n Ski, Sydney; football boot from Just Sport, Sydney; pearl necklace from Sportsgirl, Australia-wide; cigars courtesy of Henri Wintermans. Thanks also to Natalie Carter.

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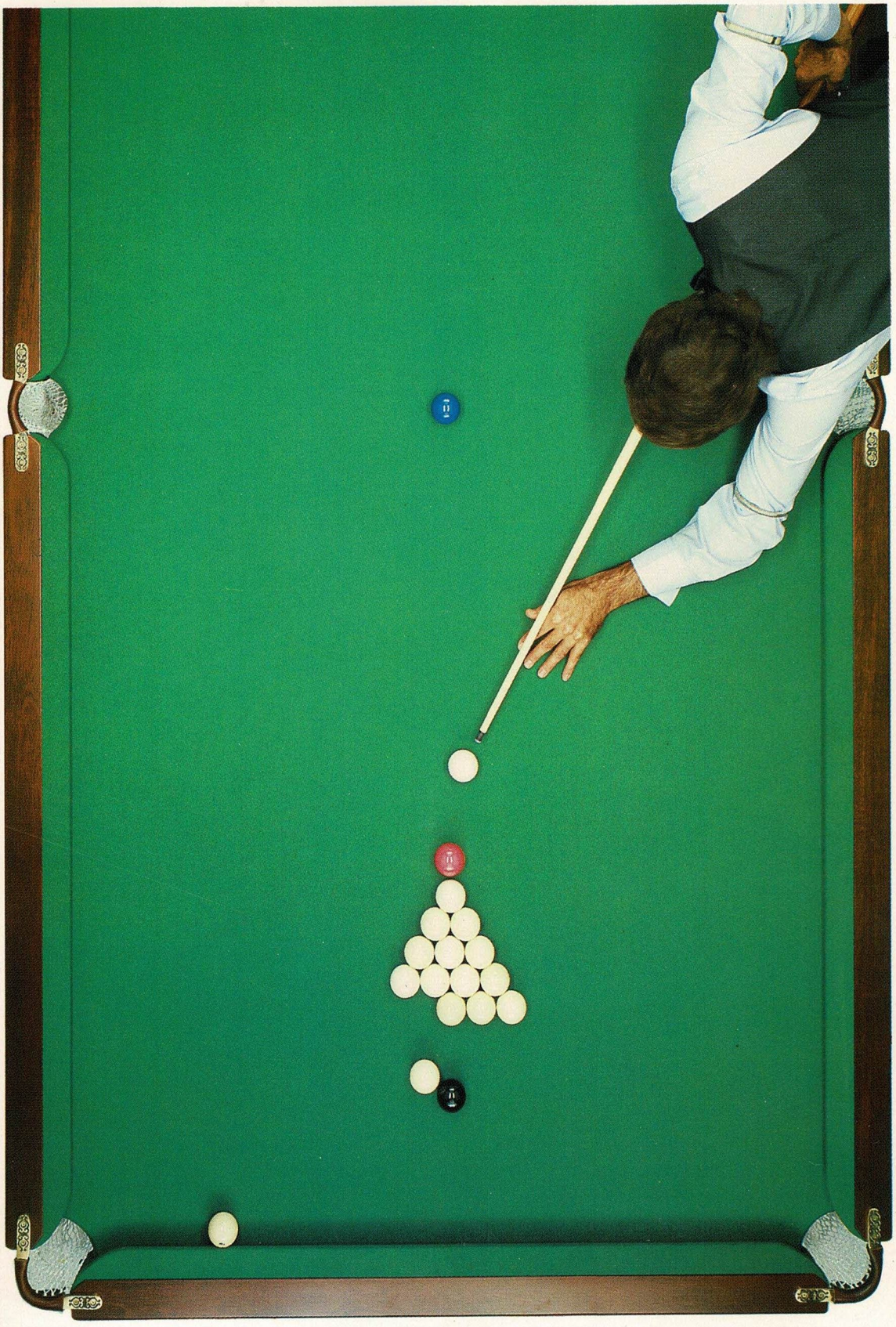

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